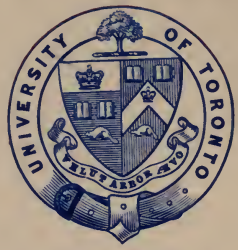
SCOTTISH
Anecdotes and Tales

BY

WILLIAM GRANT.



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BY

WILLIAM GRANT
OF MANSEFIELD.

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PREFACE.

The Editor, in compliance with the suggestions of some esteemed friends, has compiled the following anecdotes.

Believing that there are few people who cannot enjoy a joke, and who do not appreciate light reading at times, he trusts that this little volume will be found a lively companion in a leisure hour.

The Editor has exercised great care in securing, as far as possible, that the anecdotes here presented to the public should be new.

The Editor's hearty thanks are due to the ladies and gentlemen who have kindly contributed towards "SCOTTISH ANECDOTES AND TALES." He begs also to express his best thanks to the gentlemen who have ably assisted him in arranging the work, and in revising the proof-sheets.

W. G.

MANSEFIELD, *December* 1884.

INTRODUCTORY.

In offering "Scottish Anecdotes and Tales" to the public, I am convinced that many of the sayings and doings of our countrymen thirty and forty years ago deserve to be recorded, and this is the strongest reason I have for undertaking the issuing of the present volume. Most of the anecdotes and incidents are pervaded by that peculiar Scotch humour that provokes laughter; but nearly all of them, I believe, tend to show the vast changes that have taken place in parishes.

I have no doubt that not a few, as well as myself, on reading some of the anecdotes herein recorded, will be carried back in thought to the happy days of boyhood.

The plainness of speech of many of the individuals referred to in the subsequent pages may be painfully manifest to some of my younger readers;

but it needs no apology on my part—and, indeed, suggests the homely honesty of their conduct in general.

The anecdotes and stories that have not come under my own observation have been supplied by kind friends. I have endeavoured—perhaps not with complete success—to exclude all that have already appeared in similar collections ; and I am convinced that any that may look like "old friends with new faces," actually occurred in the circumstances I have indicated.

Though I am well aware that nothing defies classification so much as an anecdote, I have thrown my materials into the form of chapters, in the hope that this may prove an aid to the reader.

The first chapter is on Religious Observance and Catechisings.

The second chapter relates to Scottish Divines and Parishioners. These worthy gentlemen come much in contact with each other, and the anecdotes connected with them can be best told in the same chapter.

The third chapter is devoted to Scottish Far-

mers and Cries at Church. These respected gentlemen were frequently concerned with the "Cries" at Church. Hence the reason for including these in this chapter.

The fourth chapter is on Travelling by Road, Rail, Hill, and Sea. All anecdotes and tales connected therewith can be best related under the same chapter.

The fifth chapter relates to Scottish Humour and Wit, and contains anecdotes of this nature.

The sixth chapter is entirely on Law Courts and Causes.

The seventh chapter contains Various Anecdotes which cannot properly be classed under any of the other chapters.

I have added an Index, which the reader may find useful for referring to any special or particular anecdote or tale he may wish to see, and which might fittingly be classed under either of several chapters.

My own experience of my native parish of Aberlour, Banffshire, from which I have gleaned

much of my present materials, convinces me that many such anecdotes may be found throughout the country; and it will give me pleasure to be the means of putting before the public any such that any of my readers may be pleased to communicate to me.

SCOTTISH ANECDOTES AND TALES.

CHAPTER I.

On Religious Observance —Catechisings.

MANY of our older Divines had a quaint and homely way of handling religious subjects, which seems startling to modern notions, but was quite in accordance with their times, and indicated no want of reverence and respect for such serious matters.

A HIGHLAND Minister was officiating for a brother clergyman in the neighbourhood of Strathpeffer a considerable time ago. After having given out his text, he thus addressed the congregation:—"I am not going to give you a long sermom to-day, my brethren. Firstly, and in the first place, because my text is a sermon in itself; secondly, and in the second place, because it'll be fifteen years that I didn't preach this language any more before;

and lastly, and in the last place, because I am living at the Strath for the benefit of my health and would lose my water."

A RESPECTED Minister who had a church in Aberdeen a good many years ago, frequently on Sunday evenings, after the sermon, would look towards the gallery occupied by the students, and say—"I have to thank my young friends in the gallery there for their excellent singing and the assistance thereby accorded to me."

A MINISTER in not a very large town in Scotland, who was preaching a very long sermon, completely tired out his audience, who began to move away out of the church. The minister seeing this, said—"The chaff will soon be separated from the wheat;" and at the same time an old man who had almost reached the door, stepping out, looked round, and said, "I think I'll be among the kaff (chaff)."

IN a small town not thirty miles from Aberdeen, a revival preacher having on one occasion met a respected minister of the gospel, asked him "if he had found Christ?" The minister remarked that it was rather difficult to answer that question offhand, but asked if he had done so himself. The answer was in the affirmative. "How long since?' enquired the minister. "About six weeks ago," replied the man. "Oh well," said the minister, "a

child six weeks old has not much to say worth listening to," and walked away.

ON one occasion, while an elder of the Church was visiting a sick person, and engaged in prayer, a lady called to ask for the sick person, and knocked gently at the door. The elder stopped the prayer and went to the door. On seeing the visitor he at once turned back and said—"I am engaged in the exerceese o' prayer; come in, steek the door, sit doun, and be weesht."

IN A chapel not sixty miles from Banff, a respected priest was preaching a sermon against stealing, and after commenting very strongly on this sin, said—"I see my own property on other people in this very house now," at the same time eyeing a worthy parishioner who was wearing his reverence's gloves, which he had left by mistake when calling officially on some occasion, and which were refused to be given up when asked.

A MINISTER in a somewhat highland glen was at a communion fencing the tables, and among other things, said—"All those who don't attend to the rules of the Church and fail to subscribe to the Sustentation Fund shall arise and depart from this table; all those who swear and tear at each other shall arise and depart from this table; all those who stay out at night shall arise and depart from

this table; and all those who trink whisky shall arise and depart from this table,"—when a certain highland laird, rather fond of his toddy, got up from the table and shouted, "Ant all goot shentlemens shall arise and depart from this table," taking up his bonnet at same time and walking out.

A CLERGYMAN in Morayshire, who was on one occasion fencing the tables at his communion, said—"Those who cheat in selling a cow are not fit to sit at this table; neither are they who take a bigger pinch of snuff out of his neighbour's box than out of his own."

A WORTHY minister on Speyside used in his ordinary prayers such expressions as "Keep awa rottin' rains, witherin wins', and blastin' mildews."

IT is told of another worthy minister, who lived not twenty miles from Aberlour, and who sometimes officiated as chaplain of a prison, that in acting in this capacity he often forgot where he was, and used in prayer the customary petitions—"May our numbers be increased; carry us to our respective places of abode."

A WELL-KNOWN and respected minister while conducting Divine service one day in his church, made a mistake in repeating the Lord's Prayer. On the following Monday he was passing a pari-

shioner's house, and the occupier thereof was on the top of it executing some repairs. "You are on the house-top alone, James," remarked the minister. "Yes," said that individual, "better to be upon the house-top alone nor in a wide house with a brawling woman." "I see," said the minister, "you know your Bible, James." "I can repeat the *Lord's Prayer*" was the hitting reply.

A YOUNG gentleman, while attending the University in Aberdeen, was spending the night on his way from there with a friend near Keith. Before retiring to rest, the whole family and the servants engaged in family worship in the kitchen. One of the maid-servants entered while the others were thus engaged, and, having left the door open, the whole smoke came down the chimney. The master of the house, on observing this, at once stopped the prayer, and addressed the offending servant thus—"Ye confoundet limmer that ye are, will ye nae close that door, and nae smore us a' wi' the reek?"

IN a certain parish in Banffshire the worthy minister was dispensing the communion. It was then, and still is, common for the precentor to read two lines of the psalm before singing it. This was being done in the parish in question while the communicants were taking their places at the second table. The people were crowding and

crushing very much in doing this, which, being observed by the minister, he stopped the precentor, and sharply rebuked the congregation for their disorderly conduct. Then, turning to the precentor, said, "Sing another verse, John." That important official read first, as usual, from the beautiful 103rd Psalm, "He will not chide continually, nor keep His anger still," which came in rather appropriately after the minister's rebuke.

In the South, a minister of the name of Hope was, a good number of years ago, presented to a charge. Some of the older divines, when preaching the induction sermon about this time, frequently selected odd texts in purpose. On the occasion of Mr Hope's induction, the rev. gentleman who preached the induction sermon took for his text the words "Rejoice in Hope."

In one of the city churches in Aberdeen a young divine of a very frothy caste had officiated one Sunday many years since. In the evening the young minister deemed it right and proper to take a walk with his sweetheart. Not far from the city they came to a small cottage, and heard the honest occupier there of reading part of the Scriptures. The lady and minister both listened for a little, and soon the old man, having finished reading, engaged in prayer. The lady and the young parson heard from this man, who had listened to the young

divine in church that day, the following—"Oh, make up to us in private this day what we ha'e been denied in public, for we ha'e been feed out o' an empty speen in thy house this day." The amiable couple moved quickly and quietly away, we trust edified.

In a glen in Upper Aberdeenshire a respected young minister was preaching as a candidate for a vacant church there. During his sermon he related a legend as to Judas Iscariot, to the effect, as he said the legend ran, that he had been released from the Pit of Woe for a short time on account of some good deed done by him, and had been seen floating on the sea upon an iceberg. An elder of the church, who heard this discourse, in returning therefrom remarked to a friend "What did ye think o' him," referring to the minister, "on Judas?" "Od, I can hardly tell ye," replied the man. "I dinna," continued the elder, "think that fat he said was true. It's nae in the Bible." The elder overlooked the fact that the clergyman never said so, but told them it was a legend.

While conducting divine service one Sunday, a well-known minister in the North was commenting on the part of the Scriptures, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." The clergyman enlarged very much

on pretty feet. His own, however, being the reverse of pretty, he held up one of them on the side of the pulpit, and said, to the amazement of his hearers, "Not a thing like that."

OF another equally well-known parson in the North, it is said that one Sabbath he was expounding on Balaam and his ass. He greatly astonished his congregation by going astride over the side of his pulpit to show them how Balaam rode upon his ass.

IN a rather secluded glen in the North of Scotland, the bishop had given notice that he would be in the district on a certain day for the purpose of confirming members of the faith. In going round among his people, the priest came to an old woman and announced the fact, and asked "if she had been confirmed by Bishop C—— when last in the district?" "Deed," replied the woman, "I dinna mind if I was or no." "Oh, surely, you would not forget such an occasion," remarked the priest. "I do not recollect," added the woman; 'but, may be, I'll be nane the waur o' another stroke o' it."

IN a Highland glen west of Aberdeen a farmer was one evening conducting family worship. The farmer was praying for his relatives and kinsfolk, when his son, who was about to enter the matri-

monial state, said with a loud voice, "Mak' mention o' the folk o' Limelug, father, as I mean tae be connectit wi' them sune."

A RESPECTED clergyman was officiating in his chapel one Sunday, and while thus engaged a number of his parishioners were coming in late and leaving the door open. His reverence turned on the people and said, "Shut that door, and be hanged wi' ye! You know my health has been in a rickety state for the last few months, and ye seem determined to kill me whether I will or no."

IN a parish in Banffshire a clergyman was conducting divine service one Sunday in his church, and was commenting on a chapter in the Revelation. He came to a certain word in the chapter when he remarked—"I might explain this word to you in the original Greek, but none of you, my brethren, would understand Greek but my good friend there, Mr G——," pointing in the direction of the worthy schoolmaster of the parish."

THE two following anecdotes have been supplied by a gentleman in Boharm, Banffshire :—

A YOUNG minister, a native of Boharm, was officiating in a neighbouring parish one Sunday and gave out a psalm of somewhat awkward metre. The precentor, who was rather eccentric, tried and tried in vain to pitch several tunes. At last he

stopped, and looking towards the young divine said, quite loud enough to be heard throughout the church—"If ye be tae gie out psalms o' that kind, ye can sing them yersel'. Gies the 'Aul' Hundert.'"

THE late Rev. Dr Patrick Forbes, who was minister of the parish of Boharm about the beginning of the present century, and who was afterwards a professor in Aberdeen University, was conducting public worship in his church one Sunday. The rev. doctor observed a woman, as he thought, asleep. He at once said, "Wauken Eppie Dick," who replied, "I am nae sleepin', sir." "What did I say last?" asked the rev. doctor. "Ye said, 'Wauken Eppie Dick,'" replied the woman.

A MINISTER in Aberdeen a number of years ago announced from the pulpit one Sunday to his congregation, with whom he was not on the best of terms, that "I'll *preach* with or *fight* anyone in the congregation."

ON the west coast on one occasion two Highlanders named Duncan and Dougal were out in a boat fishing not far from the land, when a gale got up suddenly and the men were nearly drowned. Duncan, on seeing the danger, said, "Pray, Tonal." "Pray yersel'," rejoined that Highlander. Duncan

closed his eyes, and began addressing the Deity thus : " Oh, it's fifteen years that I did nae ask a faver o' Ye afore ; an' if Ye graant this ane it may be as laang afore I dee it agaen." " Come un'er no fresh obligaations, Tuncan ; the poat's ashore," cried Donald.

A FEW Highlanders were crossing in a ferry-boat when a squall came on, and they were like to be in difficulties. A prayer was requested for their safety, and an old Highlander was asked to offer it up, who declined, but said his son Tavit was better at it. David began praising the Deity in every sort of form. As the boat approached the shore the old man observed—" That's richt, Tavit ; spoke him fair, Tavit ; we'll soon be oot o' His reverence ! "

THE following anecdotes will serve to show the familiar way in which the " diets of examination " were conducted, and to illustrate the strange answers that were sometimes given :—

THE late Rev. Mr Wilson was minister of the parish of Aberlour for about forty years. He was of considerable ability, and was remarkable for his plain speaking. On one occasion he was conducting a diet of catechising in his church. He asked one of his parishioners present—" Can ye tell me, Johnnie, my man, fa made the devil ? " The man remained silent, when Mr Wilson said,

"I see the answer shaking on my freen William's lip." William was William Watson, Aberlour, who, though eccentric, knew his Bible well, "Answer ye that question, William," added the minister. "That's a gey queer question, minister —that's a gey queer question," said William. "Oh, don't ye know, William," rejoined Mr Wilson, "that God made the devil?" "I say nae sic thing, sir— I say nae sic thing. He was made an angel o' licht, an' by his apostacy an' rebellion he made himsel' a deil," was William's smart reply. "A' richt, William, my man, that'll dee; sit ye doun," remarked Mr Wilson. "Deil ae stap," retorted Watson, "till we rid it up fan we ha'e ance begun!"

A COUNTRY clergyman, not very many miles north of Huntly, was catechising in his parish, and asked a pretty aged woman, "What is the moral law?" "Weel, Mr B——," was the candid answer, "I could ha'e ance tell't ye that, but I ha'e noo forgotten."

NOT very far from the same place, at a catechising, the minister asked a half-witted woman, "How did Christ die?" The answer to this simple question was truly astounding. "Dear me, I didna hear o' his death; but we dinna get the *papers* regular." "Oh, woman, woman," shouted the parson, in an angry tone, "if ye don't repent of your sins you will die in your ignorance." "Fat

did ye say?" exclaimed the woman; "if I *dinna* paint ma shins I'll dee amon' ma inins!" (onions.)

THE late Rev. Dr Lewis W. Forbes was minister of the parish of Boharm for many years. He was a man of very high attainments, and was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland a few years before his death. The rev. doctor was one day holding a catechising in his church, and asked a question at one of those in attendance, which the person could not answer. The doctor, in his usual gentle way, remarked, "Well, I will endeavour to explain it to you." An old woman chanced to be entering the church late at the time, and struck in, "An' weel can ye de it."

ON another occasion, while catechising in his parish, Dr Forbes asked a woman how the walls of Jericho fell, but got no reply. A peculiar sort of character being present, who generally prefaced his remarks with the words—"Stey, though," shouted pretty loudly to the woman while leaving the meeting—"Stey, though! Mary, ye was a' wrang yonner. Fu didna ye say ram's horns!"

THE Rev. Mr Wilson was conducting a diet of catechising in the Church of Aberlour on one occasion. He asked a person present, "Can ye tell me, Betty, my lass, what's the difference between justification and sanctification?" The woman replied,

"Justification is just justification, and sanctification is just sanctification." "Just that, Betty, my lass," rejoined the minister. "Yer shoon's yer shoon, and yer gown's yer gown."

ANOTHER minister, not a long way from Aberlour, asked a youth at a catechising, "Who made you?" The answer was guarded—"I ha'e a rough guess."

ON another occasion Mr Wilson asked a woman, at a diet of catechising, a question from the Shorter Catechism. The woman answered according to a Moore's catechism. "Na," said the minister, "that winna dee, Janet, my lass." "But it will dee, minister," replied Janet. "That's nae fat's in my catechism," added Mr Wilson. "But it's fat's in mine," retorted Janet; and with these words went up the pulpit-stair and laid her catechism before the parson in the pulpit.

AT these catechisings the minister, Mr Wilson, always told his friends to take their seats in his table seat, and no questions were asked them. One day a few gentlemen were doing so, but some were entering the seat who had not been asked there. The minister., on seeing this, shouted from the pulpit where he was seated, "Tak tee, tak tee the door there, Dellis (Delmore), man; there's rather mony o' ye gaun in there."

CHAPTER II.

On Scottish Divines—Parishioners.

THE anecdotes here related demonstrate the originality and quaint sayings of many of our older Divines. The interviews between them and their parishioners were often very amusing. This is illustrated by the following :—

A CLERGYMAN on one occasion called on one of his parishoners, who was afflicted with a drunken wife, who when she reached a certain stage of drunkenness always imagined she was going to die. The minister on entering the house, asked, "How are you to-day, John?" "Just as weel as could be expectet wi' twa frichts in the house," was John's reply. "Twa frichts in the house," repeated the minister. "What do you mean?" "Oh, weel," says John, "the wife's lying ben the house there drunk, an' she's frichtened she's gaun tae dee, an' I'm frichtened she's nae gaun tae dee."

ONE night a gentleman called at a certain manse, in the south, pretty late. The minister pressed the visitor to remain all night, but the lady of the house did no such thing, but maintained a significant silence. The gentleman ultimately consented to stay, and went out to the lobby to put off his boots, and was in a stooping position there doing so. The minister's wife had left the room before the stranger to bring in the Family Bible for worship, and in passing the lobby, in the dim light mistook the stranger for her husband, and hit him firmly on the back with the large Bible, saying, "Take *that* for asking him to stay all night."

THE following is the heading of a subscription list written by the late Rev. Mr Leslie, minister of St Andrew's, Morayshire, whose ability and wit were well known :—"The bearer hereof, who rents a small croft in the Moss of Barmuchity, lost his whole live stock in one night, consisting of an only cow, and he solicits all good people who feel for another's woe, to assist him with sixpences and shillings, as their ability may enable them, and his necessity requires, to add to the price of the hide of the defunct to purchase another cow, by which means the potatoes will be more palatable for himself and family. So a begging we will go."

WHILE conducting divine Service in his church

one Sunday, the Rev. Mr Wilson, minister of Aberlour, addressed his kirk-officer thus:—"Put out that dogs, John Moore." "There's nae ony dogs in, sir," said that functionary," but yer ain Gardie, an' he's nae siener put out at ae door nor he's in at the ither.

THIS anecdote the respected minister who preached used to tell to his friends. The Rev. S., an able minister in the South, was known to be very fond of fishing, and was away at one time, in a rather secluded place, enjoying a few days of this excellent sport. On the Sunday a very unexpected and urgent demand was made on the Dr to preach. He obligingly consented, and got on the black gown over his fishing jacket, nothing else being at hand. While conducting the services, he had somehow, with his pocket handkerchief, pulled out the fishing reel and line, which chanced to be in his jacket pocket, and out over the pulpit went the reel, and along the Church passage, making a most alarming noise. The Dr's annoyance was great, and was increased when he observed one of the worshippers carefully winding up his line while he was proceeding with the sermon.

A MINISTER of the Episcopal Church in Demerara, who was a Scotchman, had considerable difficulty with the natives there, and tells the following curious story:—There the negro com-

munity dispense almost entirely with the marriage ceremony, and, curiously, the objection comes from the female. The old element of slavery is still so strong as to make the female think that if married she can be treated in any way her husband likes, but that where no ceremony has been gone through, she can, if ill-treated, apply to a magistrate for protection. After lecturing the congregation for some time on the subject, he was much pleased by being asked to perform the marriage ceremony for one of his negro folk. On the day appointed, the nigger marched up to the altar with a large turn-out of his sable brethren, and with a damsel on each arm. When the ceremony had proceeded so far, the clergyman inquired, "Which is the bride?" "Which is the bride?" repeated the nigger. "Both—all two, Massa." The minister said—"I am afraid you have not understood what I said to you in church: I cannot marry you to two at a time." The nigger was very much displeased, and told the minister he had used him very badly in refusing to marry him after all the trouble he had been put to in coming to church. Then extending an arm to each of the intended brides, said, "Come away, my dears," and left the church."

On one occasion a very old woman, who lived some dozen miles from Aberdeen, resolved to visit that city, as some very distinguished person was

paying it a visit. On meeting her minister soon after, he asked the woman—"Did you see so-and-so in Aberdeen the other day when you went there?" The answer was plain. "A wyte I saw him, an' was as near him as I cud hae spate on his face."

A FRIEND once called on the late Mr Wilson of Aberlour, and accepted an invitation to dine with him. On passing the kitchen window with his friend, the minister tapped thereon, and shouted—"Annie, my lass, Mr D—— is staying denner. Put on yon." A little after a letter arrived from which he found he could not stay to dinner, and re-passing the same window with him, the minister again knocked, and said—"Annie, my lass, he's nae stopping yet; tak' aff yon."

A YOUNG probationer at one time called upon a worthy minister, not far from Aberdeen, to solicit his support for a vacant church near to him. After talking the matter over for a little, the minister asked him if he had had dinner, and being answered in the negative, went to the top of the manse stair and shouted loudly to his servant—"Jane, here's Mr B——; he's a candidate for the Kirk o' D——. He's been travellin' in foreign pairts, and can only eat flesh meat. I kent his father; he lived at the Brig o' D——. Bring up the ham." "There's nae ony ham," was the reply. "Fat's come o' it?" said

the minister. "The cat eat it," replied the servant. "It a'?" asked the minister. "Ay, every bit o' it," answered the maid.

A RESPECTED minister and one of his parishioners—a bit of a wag—chanced to meet in the house of a very hospitable gentleman in Strathspey, and were being kindly entertained. The gentleman had some daughters—very nice, accomplished young ladies. While in the house the parishioner said to his minister—"Dod, Mr T——, ye sud marry Miss E——." "Lewie"—that being the man's name—said the minister, "I am going to speak rough: Fat the devil devil's your business wi' that?"

A CONSIDERABLE time ago there lived a respected farmer—a bit of a wit—pretty well to the south end of Morayshire. A gentleman who knew the farmer has favoured me with the following interview between the parish minister and the farmer; the former having called on the latter a good while after his induction:—

Minister (approaching the farmer, who stared at him): "You don't know me, I suppose?"

Farmer: "Na, Lathie, I ken naethin' about ye. Maybe yer some o' thae gager tribe?"

Minister: "Oh, no. I am your minister."

Farmer: "Oh, faigs, maybe, Lathie."

Minister: "I don't see you in church, Mr. G——."

Farmer : "Dod, no ; we dinna aften fash wi' it. Ye see we hae a lang road, an' fan comin' up through the Peris' hame fan we gang, the smell o' their broth pots maistly drives us mad."

THIS same farmer having been in Forres one very rainy day, was nearly drowned in a burn between Forres and home. He described the encounter to a clerical friend as follows :—"Dod, I gaed doon tae Forres the ither day, an' in comin' hame, ye see, Lathie, I really thocht I was tae be drooned in crossin' that bit burnie. There wus, ye see, a good deal o' unco (strange) water in it ; an' there was a bit stickie laid o'er the burn by wy o' ae brig, an' didna it gae wy, an' I had a bias scrammlin' tae save mysel'."

A MUCH respected minister on Speyside was admonishing a rather drouthie parishioner for taking too much whisky. "Do you know," added the reverend gentleman, "where drunkards go?" "I ken," said the man, "far I gang. I gang to Meggie C——'s, for she keeps the best drink."

A MINISTER in Morayshire of reputed wit was waited upon by a parishioner to solicit his support in getting her son into a parish school then vacant. After listening patiently to the woman's appeal, the parson said, "Your son's nae mair fit for the school nor my fite (white) cat."

THE minister of a parish in ——shire was walking along the road one day, and met a rather eccentric parishioner, who said to the minister, "Dicht yer nose." The minister took no notice of this, when the man again more rudely said, "Dicht yer nose; man, it's odious." "Is it in your way, John?" was the mild reply.

IN the parish of Boharm, Banffshire, in the time of Dr. L. W. Forbes, a man of somewhat eccentric habits was working one day cutting drains on the glebe. The minister chanced to pass him, and remarked, "That appears to be very hard, James." "Deed, sir," was the reply, "ye wudna tak' up as muckle on the pint o' the pick as wud feesick (physic) ye."

ON one occasion a respected minister, not fifteen miles from Keith, was waited on by one of his parishioners, who wanted a certificate of character to aid him in obtaining a renewal of his licence for the sale of liquors, &c. The place had been rather unruly conducted during the previous year. The minister politely remarked to his visitor, "But, John, how can I give you a certificate of character? You know you are not a communicant." The man exclaimed, "What! part communicant and part not. My wife an' dochter are, an they'll be doun upon ye if ye dinna gie me the certificate."

A CERTAIN minister in one of the cities in Scotland not 150 miles from Aberdeen, was one day walking along the streets thereof with a friend. He saw the priest of that city walking towards them, and remarked to his friend, "Here's the priest coming; I'll be at him about the Virgin Mary." His friend advised him to let the priest alone, but the advice was rejected, and the following dialogue ensued :—

Minister : "Well, priest, what about the Virgin Mary, to-day?"

Priest : "I don't know. What about her?"

Minister : "Ah, I wonder at a man like you believing in her as you do."

Priest : "How?"

Minister : "She was just a woman. What was the difference between her and my mother, for instance?"

Priest : "I don't know. Never saw her, but there is a great difference between their *Sons*."

THE Rev. Mr Wilson, Aberlour, having obligingly lent a parishioner some money, the man had neglected or was unable to pay the interest when due. Meeting the man one day, the minister addressed him thus—"Ay, Johnnie, my man, it's a bad sign o' the principal when the interest's no forthcoming."

A WORTHY minister, who lived in Aberdeen

some fifty years ago, had on one occasion published a book on theology. A certain editor then in Aberdeen reviewed the book most unfavourably. After sermon one Sunday the minister after commenting strongly on the conduct of the editor, wound up his observations thus—"It is no use being meally-mouthed with such a fellow, and all I have to say, my brethren, is that he is a d——d liar!"

We suspect people would be rather surprised were ministers to word so strongly in the pulpit now-a-days.

THE late Rev. Dr. L. W. Forbes of Boharm while going through his parish one day chanced to meet one of his congregation who made her living by spinning, common in those days. The woman, who was rather fond of a dram, was then slightly the worse of drink. "You're reeling to-day, Janet," remarked the doctor. "I canna be aye spinning, sir," was Janet's reply.

THE late Rev. Mr Murdoch, who succeeded the Rev. Dr. Forbes as minister of Boharm, was visiting in his parish one day, and called upon an old woman. After some conversation, Mr Murdoch remarked to the woman—"I am endeavouring to improve the psalmody in the church, and think it has much need." "Oh, deed, sir," was the honest reply "it's jest as weel sung as preached."

IN Aberlour there lived a crofter called Johnnie Barber, who owned an ass. Barber frequently rode upon this animal going to church, and was not very particular where it went until wanted again after divine service. One day the minister, Mr Wilson, met Barber and thus accosted him—"I am told, Johnnie, my man, that ye feed your ass not only among my grass but even among my corn, all the time o' sermon, every Sunday ye come to the kirk." 'Ae, sic a lee, sir," was Johnnie's not too polite reply.

A MINISTER in Upper Aberdeenshire was preaching one Sunday in his church, and in the course of his sermon remarked, that "the devil might be among us now." Just as he said so, a mason, who the previous day had been engaged taking down a dangerous wall, waked out of sleep, evidently thinking of the wall, and shouted, "Hang that; run, run!"

THE Rev. Mr Wilson, Aberlour, said to his bellman, Jamie Moore, one day—"Do you think it would be richt o' a person to do what was wrong though told to do it? For instance," said he, "would it be richt o' you to take out a' the neeps and leave the skailechs, though I bade ye do it?' "Ay," replied Moore, "but catch you biddin' me dae that." "Ay, ay," responded the minister, "but if I did bid you?" "Ou, ay, but faith ye'll tak' good

care o' biddin' me dee ony sic thing," replied Moore.

IN Aberdeen, a good many years ago, a late respected minister in that city announced from the pulpit one Sunday that "My colleague is going North to enjoy some grouse shooting, and I am going for a trip on the Continent; consequently there will be no service in church here for a month."

A WORTHY clergyman, on Speyside, was enjoying a game at cards in the house of a certain boatman on a stormy winter night. A person who wished to cross the river in the boat called loudly for the boatman from the opposite side of the river, but the boatman paid no attention to the call, as the game had reached a critical point. The minister, while dealing round the cards, remarked in an unconcerned tone of voice, "That chiel skirls (cries) weel through the drift."

IN a country parish in the North, a worthy minister was one day walking along the road with a bag in his hand. He was met by two somewhat pert individuals, one of whom remarked to the other, in passing, "That is Judas with the bag." The minister smartly replied, "If it be Judas, his master is not far off."

A MINISTER in the county of Moray being from

home on one occasion got another clergyman to preach for him on the Sunday. The minister being unmarried, wrote to his servant, saying, "Mr P—— is to preach for me on Sunday, and as he has good teeth you may kill the auld grey hen for his dinner." He at same time wrote the officiating clergyman, but by mistake sent him the letter intended for his servant.

WHILE preaching in his church one Sunday, a minister was annoyed by some noise near the church, and then an ass came to the church door, and having given a very loud bray, entered the church. The minister stopped, and said to the kirk-officer, "John, put out that ass." The minister waited until this was done and then resumed his discourse. After service John said to the minister, "Why did ye stop, sir, an' nae gang on wi' yer discourse?" "Na, na, John," was the reply, "ane o' us was eneuch at a time. Ae ass was eneuch at a time.

A MINISTER from a parish a little north of Aberdeen was one year attending the General Assembly, and staying at a hotel in Edinburgh. The reverend gentleman was not, as he thought, receiving that attention which he deserved. One day he rang the bell long and loud. The landlord entered his room, and in a very authoritative voice asked, "Who are you, sir? ringing the bell at such

a rate!" "Weel," said the minister, "when I am at hame, I am the minister o' C——, but when here it seems ye make me bellman."

ONE Sunday a reverend divine, not 150 miles from the capital of Scotland, was conducting the service in his church. The respected schoolmaster of the parish was seated in one of the front seats in the church gallery, and went to sleep during the reading of the Scriptures, when all of a sudden the teacher shouted, "Mind your points," and in another minute or so exclaimed, "Mind your commas." "John," said the minister—that being the name rejoiced in by the kirk officer—"did you hear anybody speaking?" "Yes," replied that trusted official; "I think it was Mr —— in the gallery;" when the dialogue was interrupted by the sleeping teacher saying in an authoritative voice, "Go on, sir."

"WHAT," said a parishioner, who was a bit of a wag, "is the difference between the Rev. Alexander Silver, minister of D——, and a sixpence?" The one is real silver, and the other is Sandy Silver."

ONE day a neighbour of the late Mr Wilson's of Aberlour remarked to that gentleman, on seeing his corn greatly destroyed by poultry—"Mr Wilson, it will never do for you to allow your poultry to destroy your corn in that way; they are eating it

all." "Ah!" rejoined the minister, "never ye mind, my man—I'll eat them yet."

AT one time a very clever minister in the county of Elgin was waited upon by a person who wanted payment from him of a small account. The party was at the reverend gentleman's request ushered into his room. The minister on seeing him remarked: "I suppose you will be wanting payment of your account? I have no money to-day, and would as soon see the devil as see a person seeking siller fan I have none till him. But I'll pay ye by-and-by."

A MINISTER in Aberdeenshire, not far from the city, had arranged to officiate on a certain Sunday for a neighbouring clergyman. In driving to the manse of his neighbour, the minister had got thoroughly drenched with rain, so much so that his sermon, which happened to be in the pocket of his greatcoat, had got very wet. A young gentleman who, on his arrival at the manse where he was to preach, was assisting him off with his topcoat, remarked—"I am sorry, but fear your sermon has been damaged, and has got so wet that you won't be able to read it." The reply was, "Na, nae fear o' my sermon; it will keep *dry* in spite o' it a'."

A WORTHY minister in Upper Banffshire, in

asking a neighbouring clergyman to assist him at his communion, did so as follows—"Come up on such a day, and gi'e us a han' wi' that bit jobbie, an' syne we can get a fup "'at munsie'"—a well-known game at cards.

At various meetings held in the church of Aberlour, such as catechisings and the like, a number of boys used to go up to the gallery of the church. On one occasion a number of youths were there, and were somewhat noisy while a meeting was being held, when the minister, Mr Wilson, said, "Put out that loons, John Moore," who was the kirk-officer before Jamie Moore. Moore would then move away slowly up to the gallery, by which time the boys would all be below the seats. "There's nae loons here, sir," Moore would shout to the minister. The boys would then be laughing below the seats, and Moore would say, in low-toned voice, "Weesht, loons."

In Orkney at one time a minister was attending the funeral of his wife. While walking along with the funeral procession to the churchyard the clergyman never uttered a single word to anybody When standing by his wife's grave, looking at the grave-digger actively throwing the earth into the grave, the reverend gentleman remarked to a friend next to him, "Does not Mr T—— handle the spade well?"

A BATCH of new elders were appointed in a parish in the south of Scotland. The first Sunday thereafter, when one of the new elders was collecting the halfpennies, a person remarked, walking home from church, to a gentleman, "Didn't Mr T—— handle the ladle well to-day for the first time; you would think he had been accustomed to it." "Deil thank him," replied the gentleman; "he did nothing all the last week but go up and down the stalls in his feeder's byres, with a turnip on the point of a pitchfork, practising."

A RESPECTED minister in the county of Aberdeen, well known for originality, while walking along the road one day met one of his parishioners, a worthy farmer's wife. The minister asked her if she was on very good terms with her husband just now, and on being answered in the affirmative, requested her to get her husband to send him half-a-dozen loads of turnips, as he was, he said, very much in want of this valuable commodity. Next day the farmer, somewhat unwillingly, at his wife's request sent his servant with one load of turnips to the minister. When emptying them, the man said to the parson, "This is a lead o' neeps tae ye, an' if he want mair, ma maister said ye can gang tae h—ll for them!"

A MINISTER of the Church of Scotland, in the county of Aberdeen, was conducting divine service

one Sunday in his church. While thus engaged he observed two young girls in the gallery behaving themselves in a very unbecoming manner. The reverend gentleman stopped his discourse, and beckoned to the kirk-officer to come and speak to him. That dignified official ascended the pulpit stairs, when the minister whispered something into his ear. He then walked up to a young lady friend of the minister's, the parson eyeing him all the while, and whispered something into her ear. The lady said nothing, but shook her head. On seeing this the minister shouted from the pulpit, "Won't she go, Peter?"—that being the officer's name. Peter looked towards his reverence with a serious countenance, and shook his head repeatedly. "Then," said the parson, "you must go yourself." Peter walked slowly but firmly along the passage of the kirk, and then up to the gallery, and seated himself beside the two offending young damsels, to the amazement of some of the congregation, and the amusement of others.

In reading books people often make erroneous mistakes if they don't observe carefully the exact meaning of the words they read. I shall give an illustration, communicated to me by a kind friend. A lady said to a minister, with whom she was conversing, "How can this be?"—quoting from the New Testament—"And they brought unto Him one borne of four." "Borne"—putting great

emphasis on the *e*, was the parson's reply. "Dear me," exclaimed the lady, "How could I have been so stupid?"

A MINISTER, in talking to a parishioner on religion, said that "The devil went about like a roaring lion." "I thocht," said the man, "he was chained." "Yes," rejoined the minister, "but his chain is so long that it extends to the uttermost parts of the earth." "Dod," replied the man, "I think there's been a great waste o' iron then, for he micht as weel ha'e been louse."

ONE Sunday a minister in the North found fault with some of his congregation for causing a disturbance during the time of worship, and spoke strongly to them. A few of these offenders waited outside for the minister after service. On the minister approaching them one of the parties said, "That but for the coat he wore he would give him a good beating for what he said to them in the kirk." "Let that be no obstacle," rejoined the minister, and taking off his coat, gave the men a thorough thrashing.

A CLERGYMAN near the coast was scolding some of his hearers, who were fishers, for not attending the church. One of the parties said, "Div ye think that we can gang an' hear you an' yer hanged preachin', an' our boats a' line ladden?"

A CONSIDERABLE time since a minister in Morayshire, in intimating from his pulpit one Sunday that the schools were to be reopened, said that parents ought to be glad at this, and to send their children to school to keep them from stealing fish out of the boats and selling them to the berry wives. "Even," continued the parson, "the beautiful and accomplished Mother Eve was beguiled to eat a green apple, but was punished for it."

IN the North of Scotland a lady was present at a small party, and at supper was asked if she would have an apple, but declined, adding—"I often think that if I had been in Eve's place there would have been no fall. "Ah, but," said the host, who was a reverend gentleman, "if the devil had offered them to you what would you have said?" 'I would have said," rejoined the lady, "'No, thank you, sir, they sour in my stomach;' but if he had offered me some nice gooseberries it might have been different."

A MAN in the county of Banff called upon the minister to get his three children baptized. On entering the manse the minister remarked to the man, "You have come to get your child baptized, have you?" "Lord, sir, there's a litter o' them," was the extraordinary reply.

A PECULIAR sort of a minister, in a Highland

glen, much given to contradiction, was debating with a boatman one day, while crossing a small river, about faith and works. The minister contended "that faith without works was good." "Na, na," retorted the boatman, "faith withoot works 'ill no do. I'll gie ye an instance. We'll ca' this oar 'faith,' an' this ither oar 'works.' Very weel. Tak' 'faith' first," and he did so, and rowing with it alone, the boat went round and round. "Now," added the boatman, "let's tak' 'works' next," which he did, and rowing with it alone, the boat went round the other way. "Now," said the boatman, "we'll tak' 'faith' an 'works' taegether. Noo we can get ower the watter; an' that is the only way that we can get ower the troubled ocean o' the warl' tae the peaceful shores o' immortality."

A CLERGYMAN having engaged to officiate one Sunday for a neighbouring minister, put only one sermon in his case. On reaching the manse of his neighbour he was told by the minister's wife that he would have to preach twice, in terms of previous intimation. While delivering his sermon the worthy parson was greatly troubled and exercised in mind as to how he was to manage to conduct a second service. After the forenoon service a happy thought struck him. Into the pulpit he went in the evening, and after the usual preliminaries, gave out the same text as in the forenoon, with the following

preface, to the astonished congregation :—" I find that since delivering my sermon this forenoon some doubts have been expressed as to its orthodoxy ; so I shall just deliver it again, to afford another opportunity of judging it."

THIS anecdote illustrates that singular comparisons were frequently made by really good people in expounding the Scriptures. A respected farmer on Speyside kept a Sunday school. One Sunday evening he drew the following illustration to his scholars :—" A certain farmer kept his lambs in the house on a stormy day, and sent the yowes (ewes), wethers, and other sheep tae the hill. The yowes came hame at nicht bleatin' for their lambs, and knew they would get them, which they did. The wethers followed, but got nothing. This," added the worthy man, " is just like those who go to church. Some go and get good. Others go because others are going, and get nothing."

CHAPTER III.

On Scottish Farmers—Cries at Church.

MANY of our Scottish farmers were very quaint and original in what they said and did. This is clearly shown by not a few of the following anecdotes:—

A MERCHANT in a rather outlying part of Banffshire saw a farmer disappearing from his shop with a new spade upon his shoulder. The merchant very properly cried after the farmer—"Where are you going with my spade?" The reply is, I think, quite original. "Od, fat about a spade. I was merely taking it hame tae work it a file (while), an' rub the rust aff it, an' it wud sell better syne."

A FARMER not very far from Garmouth was entertaining a number of ladies and gentlemen to tea. After tea the gentlemen were having toddy. One gentleman asked a lady who was sitting next to him if she would have a glass of toddy? The

lady thanked him, and said she would. "How do you like it?" then asked the gentleman. "Oh, whatever way you like it," was the lady's polite reply. "Oh, weel," said the gallant gentleman, "I dinna muckle care what kind it is, if I get a good spate o' it."

IN the outskirts of Aberlour there resides a small farmer who is very eccentric in his ways. One day a neighbour chanced to call, and found the worthy son of the soil mixing clay and water. The stranger was perfectly shocked and surprised when, instead of applying the mixture to the roof of an ill-thatched house, he laid it before a pig which appeared to be very far from over-fed. The caller remarked—"What do you mean by giving your pig that trash, which it can't eat?" "Oh," was the reply, "she's a gowket devil, an' 'll eat it an' winna ken fat it is."

A MUCH respected farmer's wife on the banks of the Spey on one occasion gave the servants a treat of a turkey for their Christmas dinner. One of the servants knowing what was for dinner on the day in question, and being fully more than a fair eater, went to dinner before the other servants. He at once set to work to devour the turkey, and very soon the whole contents thereof, except the bones and a small morsel given to a female servant, disappeared. The lady of the house chanced to enter

the kitchen just as the gluttonous fellow was picking the last bone of the turkey. She remarked with some surprise—"Dear me, Lewie, have you eaten all the turkey?" Lewie replied, "A bonnie a'! a boss devil!"

A FARMER in Upper Banffshire having asked some friends to call on him, remarked in his old-fashioned way—"I'll be gled tae see ye o'er, an' tho' I canna promise ye great things, I can gie ye plain meat."

A YOUNG man who rented a farm not ten miles from Speyside was rather neat in his attire. An old farmer in the district, in speaking of him, talked thus:—"Mr S—— is a bonnie fairmer. I uner-stan' he taks flesh meat tae his denner, an' gangs about dress't up wi' a fite (white) wiscot like a bridegreem. He winna fairm lang."

A CERTAIN tailor's shop in Aberlour was the rendezvous of many of the parties thereabout in the evenings, and among others Bolister, a worthy farmer in the district. A well-known wag, a frequent visitor to the shop, on entering one evening, observed Bolister sitting snugly in a quiet corner, and pretending he didn't observe him, addressed the master of the needle thus:—"Oh, ye havna Cameron, Bolister, wi' ye the nicht, stamping, stamping, pouting, pouting," whereupon Bolister

shouted, "I am here, sir; yer a back-biting fellow, sir, tae speak ahin a man's back, sir!"

ON one occasion this same decent man was "giving a forenight" as it was called, and which was then very common, at a neighbour's house. On being asked to stay to supper, which meal was often taken late at night, he remarked in his well-known style—"Na, thank ye, I'll nae bide. Am afore the han' wi' ye; my ain supper will be waiting me fan I gang hame."

BEFORE the passing of the Poor Law (Scotland) Act in 1845, it was usual for farmers to lodge or quarter, as it was called, beggars, and these not unfrequently turned out to be rather troublesome. The then respected farmer of Bolister, Mr A. Cameron, lodged a woman one night, and he told the story thus:—"I lodged a heretic o' a wife the ither nicht, an' I had tae get up on the riggin' (middle) o' the nicht an' rap on the plunishin' (furniture) tae quiet her, she was kickin' up sic a howlin' an' noise."

AFTER this Act had become law, some people were discussing its provisions, and especially the assessment leviable under it, and that beggars would be stopped. An old maid connected with farming, who had a strong mind and a stronger voice, after listening to the conversation a while,

said, in something louder than a whisper, with a heavy rap upon the table—"I say thae cretures," referring to beggars, "shall get tae their leeberty agen," as if she alone was to make laws for the whole nation.

IN a very out of the way glen in the North, a crofter, pretty well up in years, lost his wife by death. The churchyard being a good many miles distant, a hearse was had at the funeral. For the want of a better seat, no doubt, the husband of the deceased seated himself beside the driver of the hearse. As they passed along a rather rough part of the road, on the way to the churchyard, the hard-hearted husband said to the driver, "She was aye a troublesome sorra, gie her a good hotter gaun doun here."

A NORTH country farmer who had a son in a law office in Edinburgh, called in that city to see him. On entering the office the honest northerner simply asked, "Is Adam in?" "What Adam?" was the question. "Our Adam," replied the farmer, and added, "Ye ken am Adam's father." "Ye must be an old sinner then," retorted the person.

A SMALL farmer, not a very long distance from Forres, waited on an insurance agent to obtain payment of his fire insurance after his premises had been destroyed by fire. The company, however,

disputed the farmer's claim, and several interviews took place between the agent and the farmer. I now relate what took place at one of the meetings, which was kindly communicated to me—

Agent: "The company object to your claim."

Farmer: "Object tae my claim. Ho' can that be?"

Agent: "They assert you set fire to your premises yourself."

Farmer: "Fu the devil cud I dee that an' me in Elgin that day fan it happened, and see tae the distance? Me an' ma wife an' family left about sax o'clock in the mornin', and the fire did'na take place till about sax at nicht. Fu the sorra wy cud I set it on fire?"

Agent: "The company will not pay in full. It will be difficult to get the half of what you seek."

Farmer: "It's a devilish hard thing upon me, a poor man, tae be made a feel o' this way. But my neebors are a Judas set. Some o' them has nae doot been tellin' lees on me."

Agent: "How do you suppose so?"

Farmer: "Because they kin' o' look on me as a incomer. Yee see I belan' tae the parish o' K——, and ma father used tae say that he liked a K—— dog better nor any o' his neebors."

Agent: "If I get about one half of your claim, will you accept it? I think you ought."

Farmer: "It's a ducit hard thing tae dee sic a thing. But they're a hockie pockie, jukery

packery, Judas lot about me, an' wud dee ony thing tae hurt me. I'll tak it if we canna get mair."

I AM assured of the truth of the following story, which, I think, demonstrates clearly that people ought not to be too ready in rendering assistance where it is not required. In a parish church on the banks of the Spey, one Sunday, while the worthy minister of the parish was conducting divine service, a pretty aged farmer went to sleep, and then knocked his head against the book-board. He thereafter rose to his feet, a sort of stupid, when a rather officious individual, who happened to be sitting near the farmer, on seeing what he did, sprang to his feet, rushed forward, and seizing the man by the neck and body, half carried, half led him out of the church by sheer force, believing that the farmer was sick.

A SMALL farmer on the banks of the Spey had a few daughters, and one of them unfortunately required the services of the accoucheur ere the wedding day was even named. A much respected medical gentlemen was called in, and after all was over, tea was served. When the party were all seated at table the farmer said, "Begin, Dr, begin." With a smile that gentleman remarked, "I am waiting for the grace," knowing by former experiences that the farmer, being of a pious turn of mind, always gave long graces before all meals. The reply was,

however, quite unexpected—"Oh, deed, the occasion does not deserve a grace;" and none was said.

SOME time since there lived a small farmer in the parish of Boharm. One year the poor man lost nearly his little all. It being a wet season there were no peats to be had. The crops were next to worthless, and it was a bad season for bees. One day the unfortunate man's wife came to him with the intimation that the last hive of bees was dead. The reply was sad but resigned:—"Weel, weel, M——, we'll jest eat up the orrals an' follow the bees."

NOT far from Keith there once lived a farmer whose wife died. A few months after the event the farmer waited upon the session-clerk for the purpose of being proclaimed anew. The session-clerk remarked, "Oh, John, you are rather soon, Kirsty will hardly be cold yet," referring to the man's former wife. "Oh gang ye on wi' the cries, and Kirsty will aye be queelin'," was the cold reply.

A WORTHY farmer in the Strathspey district on one occasion gave his daughter a piano, slightly against his wish. Sometime after he was asked by a neighbour how he liked to hear the piano, when he dryly said, "I jest like about as weel to hear my ain fanners (barn fan) gaun."

A FARMER in Upper Banffshire on one occasion had been rather unwell, but had recovered. A neighbour one day meeting the farmer, asked how he was, "Better, thank ye," was the reply, but added, "Oh, I'll aye be sharger kin'. It wud been about as well I had dee't."

A PROPRIETOR, who was of a religious turn of mind, was letting a farm one day. After talking the matter over for a while, the laird said to his would-be tenant, "I hope you attend strictly to religious matters, and hold family worship." The answer was in the affirmative. While walking along they came to an empty old house and entered it, when the laird asked the man to engage in prayer. After remaining silent for a little, the candidate for the farm said, "Go on yersel', sir; I am nae worth a fuff at it."

ON one occasion a farmer who resided pretty near Craigillachie, got rather too much whisky, and a kind neighbour was taking him home. When near his farm his friend remarked, "You will soon be home now." "Will we?" said the man. "Oh, yes," said his friend; "that is your farm quite near." "Sal I am nae very sure," said the tipsy man. "But if it's my toun, there should be nine ricks in the cornyard."

A MUCH RESPECTED farmer who had attended

a public dinner given in celebration of a certain happy event, and was endeavouring to find his way home, not exactly in a state of sobriety, when he met a friend who remarked, "You're getting home." "Ay," was the reply; "but tho' ma head's grey ma heart's licht, an' if am spared, I'll be back tae the ball the nicht again."

IN going through his parish one day, the minister of a northern parish came up to one of his people who was the very reverse of sober—in fact, was oftener going backward than forward. The minister, not wishing to take any notice of his offending hearer, simply remarked, "You are getting home, John." "Fyles," was the true honest answer.

A WORTHY farmer in Lower Banffshire, who had a very red nose, was driving along a road one day. A waggish sort of a person made a rather impudent allusion to his red nose. "Oh," said the farmer quaintly, "it's fine for letting me see the road hame in a dark nicht."

TWO old friends met after the return of one of them from abroad. After conversing with each other for a while, the one asked the other what he had been doing when abroad. "Oh, I was farming," he replied. "Why," rejoined his friend, "you knew nothing about that." "But I had a partner,"

he added, "who had the experience, and I had the capital; but after a year I had the *experience* and my partner had the *capital*."

A WORTHY farmer in Morayshire had the misfortune to lose his wife by death. After the funeral he and a few gentlemen friends were sitting over a tumbler of toddy, when the kind-hearted farmer remarked, "This is trying enough, boys, but it micht ha'e been waur; it micht ha'e been ony o' oorsels. Fill up another tumbler."

IN the same county a respected farmer was driving along the road one day with some of his friends when his horse bolted, and by some means or other his conveyance came to a stand-still, while the pony rushed off with the shafts or thills, leaving the farmer and his friends sitting somewhat odd-like in the conveyance. After looking about for a little the farmer said, in a rather excited voice, "Far did ony o' ye ever see the like o' that?"

A VERY smart farmer, in speaking of a farmer friend, said—"When Mr P—— has too much drink he tries to look as if he was sober, and he makes matters ten times worse. He stares and looks so queer, just like a mouse when roused and put to fright in the corner of a room."

SOME farmers make strange comparisons. The

following is an illustration :—A very worthy farmer, in speaking of a gentleman, remarked, "Ah, he would lee like a rotten" (rat).

NOT far from a village in Upper Banffshire, there lived some years ago a small crofter and his wife. One day the crofter, who was not very smart at work, was pruning a hedge, and while thus engaged was frequently looking about him. His wife, on observing this, cried at some distance—"Get on there, ye lazy villain, an' nae keep sic a stracht back. If I gang tae the side o' yer head I'll mak' ye work a little faster, or am cheatet." This was not the happiest couple in the county.

A FARMER in Aberlour sold at a Laichie Market his then well-known white mare. The purchaser, however, finding that the animal was a good many years older than she was represented by the seller to be, brought her back to him. The dispute was very properly referred to two respectable neighbours, who soon settled the matter by ordaining the seller to take back the mare, or to return part of the price to the buyer. One of the referees remarked that his mother recollected the age of the mare quite well, whereupon a near relation of the seller of the animal said, with a loud voice, "I suppose your mither keeps a register o' a' the auld horse ages in the pairish." The referees were about to depart from the house of the farmer

who had sold the mare, when the buyer, wishful to show them some acknowledgment for their trouble in settling the case, said that if anyone would go for a bottle of whisky he would stand them a dram, when the seller, being greatly nettled at the whole business, gave a tremendous thump on the table with his hand, and said—"I tell you, sirs, I don't keep a tippling shop."

A FARMER and his son were entertaining a gentleman to dinner at one time. After having partaken of sundry dishes, a rolly-polly pudding was set on the table. The farmer said to his guest, "Do you like pudden ens?" The reply was in the negative; when the farmer said, "Me an' my son likes pudden ens," and with these words he divided the pudding between his son and himself, and allowed the stranger to look on while they devoured the same.

A SMALL farmer on the banks of the Spey was attending a wedding, where, as usual, he had partaken of whisky quite freely, and had damaged his coat and other garments so much with mud, &c., that it was somewhat difficult to say what was the original colour of them. The farmer was walking, not exactly steady, along the road with the marriage party, and had a female of fully forty summers on each arm. He, on meeting some people on the road, shouted loudly—"Stand aside, and don't dirty my shoes."

THIS same farmer was on one occasion asked to join a temperance society. At the same time the evils of drinking were strongly set before him, and it was argued that whisky was not needed at all. The farmer replied, "I'll join nae sic societies, an' I wud jist like ye tae tell me fat the Almighty sent fuskie into this warl' for if nae tae be drunken by folk!"

A FARMER who resided on the march between Banff and Aberdeen shires, was rather nettled at the way he had to pay certain perquisites to his laird, in addition to his rent, which was quite common even less than thirty years ago. The proprietor resided mostly in town during winter, and the farmer had to go nearly twenty miles with the poultry, &c. Before starting on the journey one time, he twisted straw ropes round both his legs, and put on very old clothes, and having arrived at his laird's town residence in this fashion, rung the entry door bell, and said in a high-toned voice, "Come an' tak' in yer meal, yer hens, an' yer taties" (potatoes).

ANOTHER farmer who resided in Aberlour, having had some difficulty in settling certain rents and claims with the factor, who was not a particular favourite with the tenants, one day met his proprietor, a nice sort of gentleman, who remarked to his tenant—"I am glad that you have now got all

matters arranged with my factor." Ou, ay," replied the tenant, "I ha'e got through ; but, guid faith, yer factor had better no tramp my taes in the public-house."

IN this same district there lived another farmer who was a bit of a wit. On one occasion he had sold a cow to a cattle-dealer. A friend and neighbour having met him one day, said, "Ye might have given me a chance of your cow, and allowed me to make a few pounds on her as well as R——." "Na, na, George, man," replied the farmer ; "ye ken the cow had a faut, an' R—— would be in the market, an' leein' at ony rate. There was nae eese o' makin' you gang an' tell lees about her."

SOME fifty years ago many of the farmers and others on Speyside were of a very merry, cheerful disposition, and delighted in practising jokes upon one another. I shall here give a fair illustration :— A farmer on Speyside was spending the evening with a farmer friend, a bachelor, and some other gentlemen. One or two genial gentlemen of the party got the housekeeper to enter the room while all were seated at supper, and say with a serious face—"Mr G——, ane o' yer servants ha'e come o'er tae say that yer Charlie horse has deit sine ye left hame, an' he wants tae ken if they'll bury him wi' his sheen on, or if they'll tak' them off?" On hearing the sad tale, Mr G——, to the immense

amusement of some of the party, said—"Ye d—d limmer that ye are, there was naething the matter wi' the horse fan I left hame." A gentleman present, quite ignorant of the joke, struck in, "But, Mr G——, horses soon get ill. My neighbour, Mr Garrow, has several horses ill just now." "Your neighbour, Garrow, hasna a horse about his toun like mine," said the infuriated farmer.

FROM a kind correspondent I have an anecdote regarding a northern farmer's idea of billiards. A farmer from the North, who had been in Glasgow for a few days, was afterwards explaining to a friend the many sights he had seen there. "I saw them playing billiards," he said. "There are three balls on a lang table, two white and one red. Ae chiel takes a stickie in his han' and gi'es ane o' the white balls a knock wi' his stickie, an' tries tae mak' it strike the red ball, an' syne looks o'er the table an' says, 'Hard lines!' The ither chiel also takes a stickie, and gi'es the ither white ball a knock wi' his stickie, and says, 'Oh, h—ll!' That's billiards."

A FARMER who lived not twenty miles from Cullen was frequently urging a friend to call for him, and said he would be very happy to see him; and added that he was greatly surprised he had not already paid him a visit in passing. One day the gentleman consented to call on the farmer on

his way home from a market, and told him about what hour to expect him. On reaching his farmer friend's house about the time appointed, being a little past 7 P.M., the gentleman found the farmer's house shut up and the door locked. After knocking at the door two or three times, a high window was drawn, and a head peeped out, while a voice was heard to say—"Fa's there?" "It's me," was the caller's reply. "But fa may ye be?" was the farmer's rejoinder. "Oh," replied the stranger, "Mr Sellar, Yards." "We admit nae sellers nor cairds here," with which saying the window was shut, and the *invited* friend had to depart.

IN the lower district of Banffshire there lived a farmer who had built a new house of which he was very proud. One day he was showing a friend, who had come to spend the night with him, through his house. When he entered the first bedroom the farmer remarked—"This is our ain room." On entering the next room he said, "This is the room far ony genteel body or gentry sleeps when here;" and when they went to the next room the candid farmer stated, "This is a room far we put ony orra body. Yer tae sleep here the nicht."

A FARMER in a glen in Banffshire having died, a messenger was despatched to inform the eldest son of this, who at the time resided at some distance from his father. On being told by the

messenger of his father's death, the young man threw down an axe he was using, and said, with little appearance of grief, "I am farmer o' A—— noo, independent o' the deil an' the deep sea!"

ON the Peterhead coast there once resided a farmer who, like many others in this line of life, did not always get along smoothly with his servants. One day the farmer's housekeeper set Scotch broth before him for dinner. After partaking of this, the farmer rang the bell and told the servant to bring in the "tuckie" (fowl.) "There's nae a fowl, sir," replied the knowing servant. "Oh, don't tell me," ejaculated the farmer; "there is. I ken by the taste o' the broth." "Oh no, sir," replied the maid. In afterwards relating the matter to an acquaintance the farmer stated, with rueful countenance—"I fan out after that the devils o' servants biled twa hens an' eat them baith, an' gied me the broth only."

A PROPRIETOR in Morayshire on seeing one of his tenants making a good business by keeping a dairy, resolved to follow his example. He went to a respected architect and stated his intention, and said he wanted him to give a plan of a byre to hold the cows. "How many cows do you propose keeping?" asked the architect. "What the devil's your business with that?" retorted the laird. "I would require to know how many cows you wish

the byre to hold," rejoined the architect. "Oh, well," said the laird, "make it to hold *one* cow or *twenty* cows."

In a well-known district some distance west of Aberdeen a worthy farmer was taken ill. A neighbouring farmer went to ask for him, and after conversing with each other for a while, the sick farmer said to his neighbour, "It was very kind of you to come to ask for me. I have been terribly tormented with my servant-women. I am told that your housekeeper thrashes *you*, and mine thrashes *me*."

At the foot of one of the mountains in Banffshire there lived a small farmer and his wife. One morning this person called upon a gentleman in the neighbourhood, of great shrewdness, and asked him—"Div ye ken onything about the rules an' regulations o' life insurance?" The answer was in the affirmative. "We was thinking," continued the farmer, "tae insure our little Donallie's life; but wud it mak' ony odds, he swallowed a preen (pin), an' faith, it may be his death?" "It would never do at all," replied the gentleman. "It would be most dishonest and fraudulent, and ye might get six months in Perth Penitentiary for it." "Oh," rejoined the man, "we wudna think o' it than, an' say naething about it."

ON Donside there lived a respected farmer who owned an aged pony, about which he was very proud. In speaking to some friends about this animal the farmer observed—"Although my pony be thirty-four years old, my certie! it would tak' a practical rider tae ride it even twa mile."

IN the outskirts of the county of Banff there lived a crofter, who on one occasion called at a merchant's shop to buy a pair of spectacles. The man tried several pairs, but could get nothing to suit. The shopkeeper, who was a bit of a wag, handed his customer a pair of spectacles without eyes. The crofter, after looking through these, remarked—"This is the nearest I ha'e got yet."

A VERY respectable farmer, not twenty miles from Huntly, accepted an invitation to dine with a gentleman not far from there. The farmer appeared in due time for dinner. All went on pretty well until supper-time, at which speldings were placed on the table. The worthy farmer, on looking round the table, observed the company using knives and forks in eating these. He then burst out thus—"I ha'e steed a guid deal o' yer nonsense the day, but deil a bit will I try tae eat speldins wi' a knife an' a fork tae please onybody."

NEAR a small village in Inverness-shire a Highland farmer, having had a heavy night of it, had a

very great thirst next morning, and remarked to a friend—"I wish I was a brig." "Why do you wish that?" replied he. "That the waater micht run through me," was his singular answer.

SOME forty years ago it was common and quite usual to make all intimations of sales, raffles, articles lost and found, and notices of the collections of rents, &c., near the church, generally at the gate thereof, as the people were dispersing from service. These "cries," as they were called, were generally made by the kirk-officer, who often made very amusing announcements, and the small fee formed part of his perquisites. One day a respected feuar in Aberlour cried—"There is excellent mutton to be sold at William Laing's at 3½d. a pound." Jamie Moore at once struck in—"There's better mutton tae be selt at Malcolm Macpherson's at 3d. the pun'."

ON another occasion, Moore having got a lady's muff to cry, and not knowing what to call it, shouted —"Wha's lost their whereaorum?"

ONE day Moore got a striped apron to announce at the kirk. He did so thus—"Wha's lost a strippet wife's apron?"

ONE of the factors in the district caused to be cried regularly every Sunday the following—"The

tenants o' Carron an' Allachie are requested tae pay their arrears o' rent." Some of the tenants were naturally very much nettled at this intimation, and one Sunday one of them—Mr J. Donaldson, Hatton—on hearing the intimation, shouted, with a sufficiently loud voice—"Name them."

UNTIL about thirty years ago, the intimation of the collection of the Fife rents was made at the kirk by the then respected farmer in Netherton, Mr G. Sim, who was the district ground officer. It ran thus—"The tenants on the Fife estates are requested to meet at Balvenie, on ——, for the purpose of paying their rents."

CHAPTER IV.

On Travelling: Road—Rail —Hill—Sea.

IN travelling by road, rail, hill, and sea, people often come in contact with peculiar persons, and have frequently strange encounters. This is partly illustrated by some of the tales here recorded.

At an inn not far from Keith, a travelling merchant woman called one morning and asked for a glass of whisky, and after drinking it off, remarked to a gentleman who chanced to be in the inn, "That's gran' for brakin' the win' about a body's heart in the mornin'."

The following story I have from a friend. An editor of an newspaper being on a tour through the country, arrived at an inn of limited accommodation pretty late, and wished to put up thereat for the night. The innkeeper remarked, "Oh, I hinna ae bed for ye; every place is full, except ye sleep wi' my housekeeper, Grace." The editor

promptly and pithily replied from Scripture, slightly varied—"God forbid that I should sin that Grace may abound!"

THE same editor, while on a tour, went into a parish church and heard a worthy minister preach on the Sunday to a rather small congregation. On the following Monday the editor was fishing, and the minister in passing him said—"You are fishing, sir." "I am," replied the editor. "I am a fisher too," rejoined the minister. "Yes, I looked into your creel yesterday," was the reply; "but there was not much in it."

ON one occasion a commercial traveller in travelling through the country, called upon a customer in Aberdeen to obtain payment of an account. The tradesman asked discount, when the traveller said, "Not a penny would he get;" adding "I always understood an Aberdonian to be a man who kept the Sabbath and everything he could get a hold of."

ABOUT the month of December, and even earlier, the evenings get often very dark, by five or six o'clock, so much so that it is almost impossible to find the way through a wood if the road be narrow. As an instance of this the writer is assured of the truth of the following story:—Not very long ago a Scotch gentleman was asked to spend the evening with a

very hospitable gentleman in the neighbourhood of a northern town. About six o'clock in the evening, he left to fulfil his engagement. The road to his friend's house was through a wood, and branched off in the wood, and the night being wet and exceedingly dark, the road could not be found. After endeavouring for a while to find the road the person resolved to retrace his steps, leave the road, and go along to his friend's in a different direction, clear of the wood altogether. While carrying out this wise determination, but before getting quite out of the wood, he heard someone rushing through the trees at a great rate towards the road, and smashing the branches thereof as he came. As we shall just see, this person turned out to be an Englishman who had left an hour previous to call at the same gentleman's house, but who had lost his way, and had been wandering in the wood for about an hour. The following interview took place between the Englishman and Scotsman :—

Englishman : "Hullo, who are you?" addressing the retreating Scotsman on the highway.

Scotsman : "What did you say, sir?"

Englishman : "Who are you? and can you tell me the road to A——?"

Scotsman : "That is the very place where I am going, but can't find the road. It is so dark."

Englishman : "Find the road. I am hanged if I can find the road by the walk, but will find the carriage drive. I have been wandering in these

woods for the last hour. I thought I was to be drowned before ever I would get out of them."

Scotsman: "I cannot find the road you refer to. I think we should leave the wood, and I'll bring you another way to our friend's house."

Englishman: "Not at all. Come along. I'll soon find the carriage drive to the house."

So they both went along, but could not find the carriage drive, as the Englishman put it, though they did their utmost to find it. The road branched off in a very thick part of the wood, and as we have stated, the evening was exceedingly dark and rainy.

Englishman: "What are we to do now, sir?"

Scotsman: "We must either go the way I proposed and intended going when I met you, or go along a short distance and borrow a light from a person who lives near the roadside."

Englishman: "Let us go and get the light, if you are sure of finding the house."

Scotsman: "There won't be any difficulty in finding it.

Englishman: "Very well."

The two unfortunate travellers soon arrived at the roadside house, when the Scotsman knocked at the door thereof, and asked, "Is Mr C—— in?"

Young Lady: "No. He is not at home."

Scotsman: "Can you kindly lend us a light? This gentleman," pointing to his co-traveller, "and

I are going to A——, but can't find the road, it is so dark."

Young Lady: "Certainly."

Englishman (With hat in hand, and wiping his face with his handkerchief): "I declare, madam,"—addressing the lady of the house, who had now entered the room,—"I have travelled through Scotland, England, and Ireland, and was never so completely done in all my life. I lost my way in that wood while walking along the footpath, and wandered in it for more than an hour, and thought I would never be seen alive." The young lady, having then handed the Scotsman a lantern and light, with a supply of matches in case it should go out, the Englishman and he thanked the fair lady for her kindness, and departed. They very soon reached the house of their friend, but at nearly ten p.m., instead of at seven o'clock, the hour the Scotsman was asked. On reaching the house the Englishman said "I'll ring," and gave a very loud knock at the door, which was opened by the owner thereof, attracted by the very rough rap.

Landlord: "Preserve me, Mr H——, what way are you here?"

Englishman: "Me here! I tell you what it is. I have been wandering in that wood for hours. I thought I was to be drowned before getting out of it."

Landlord: "You was in more danger of falling over a precipice and breaking your neck. But

come in before saying anything more." Turning to the Scotsman, he asked, "What has become of you?" He added, "We have been looking for you for hours." The Scotsman explained, that though he had not altogether lost his way, he could not find *it*.

The whole exploits of the two evening travellers were fully discussed that evening under the roof of their kind host, and not a few severe jokes passed thereanent.

PETER CONNIE, a residenter in Strathspey, having been in Glasgow on one occasion, was standing about the railway station, there asking, "Far's the ticket office?" when a rather well-dressed man came to him and said—"Do you want a ticket, sir?" "Od, div I," says Peter, "an' far can I get ane?" "Give me your money, sir, and I shall get you a ticket." "Weel," said Peter, "I han't him siller to buy ma ticket, but deil an inch o' him did I ever see again, ticket nor nane."

ON another occasion this same individual was in Glasgow, and went to the railway station there, and he told the story thus:—"Dod, I gaed doun tae the station at Glasgo' to get a ticket tae come hame, an' od there was sic a crushin' an' cramin' at it, I stud aside a file (while) tae lat the crood bye, fan puff gies the thing, an' aff gaes the train. I cried hie, hie, wait, I am gaun wi' that train, but sorra ane pied the slichtest attenshun tae me."

WHILE travelling on the Strathspey railway one day, the following conversation passed between a rather smart gentleman, resident in the district, and a somewhat inquisitive passenger, whose curiosity the gentleman did not feel inclined to satisfy :—

Passenger: Seizing hold of an appendage like a medal attached to the gentleman's watch-chain, said—"Ay man, ye hae got ae medal, hae ye?"

Gentleman: "Yes: for fighting at Waterloo; but I didn't get a pension."

Passenger: "Fat for no, man?"

Gentleman: "Because I was returned among the slain."

Passenger: "Oh, man ye was far better." Still holding the appendage, added—"Sic a bonnie thing, man, an' it's a' scored."

Gentleman: "Yes; that's the way the balls came."

Passenger: "Oh, faigs maybe, man."

AFTER the opening of the railway lines in the North, some good stories are related as to passengers. One day an old honest-looking, plain-dressed man was travelling on the Great North Railway, and after having travelled thereon for a good many miles, the train stopped at a station. The guard opened the door of the carriage, where two passengers were seated, and said—"Tickets please." This same passenger remarked, "Fat

sed ye?" "Tickets. Shew your ticket, please." was the guard's polite request. "Tickets, sed ye? Feint ane hae I seen yet," replied the passenger candidly.

ON another occasion a woman went up to one of the ticket offices not a long way from Keith, and said in a rather commanding voice—"I wint a ticket." "Where are you going?" asked the ticket-clerk. "Fat's your business?" retorted the woman, and, in a much louder voice than before, continued, "I wint a ticket."

TWO people were travelling on the train, strangers to each other, in the South. One of them let down the window of the railway carriage, it being very warm, when the other person remarked—"Oh, that's invigorating." "Na, na," rejoined the co-traveller, "it's nae Inverkeithing, but it's Auchterarder. I ken the place weel."

A GENTLEMAN belonging to one of the learned professions, in holiday attire, with a rather rough small timber box in his hand, and a pretty old travelling bag slung round his shoulders, was walking over a hill in Morayshire. He met an aged respectable-looking woman, when the following interview took place:—

Traveller: "How far am I, please, from the village of D——?"

Woman: "Oh, faith yer the mest feck o' three miles."

Traveller: "Is there an inn there?"

Woman: "Ay is there, but they dinna quarter folk a' nicht at it."

Traveller: "Indeed. Can't I get lodgings in the village?"

Woman: "Ay can ye. There's ane Christison wha lodges cairds an' a' orra kind o' cretures. She has a room for ony respectable body that may come the wy."

Traveller: "Mrs Christison, did you say, who keeps lodgers?"

Woman: "Jane Christison—we're a' Jocks an' Jeans an' ither plain names. There's nae Mistresses, Masters, nor Esquires hereabout."

My informant, who was the "traveller," says that the observation regarding "the room for ony respectable body" was made in a tone which indicated that it did not refer to him.

Some years ago, writes a respected gentleman, who was one of the party of a number of ladies and gentlemen, ascended the very high hill called Benrinnes. He shortly describes the trip thus:—We ascended the hill from the Aberlour or north side thereof. The weather being beautiful, and the day quite bright, all went well until we reached the Scurran o' Wells. While seated there at luncheon, a very dense mist set in with great rapidity, and in

a few minutes nothing could be seen beyond a few yards.

We then resolved to return home by the same route as we ascended, and as some of our party knew the hill well we did not anticipate any difficulty in finding our way. Instead, however, of doing this, we went along the hill in a southern direction, and passed some very dangerous rocks near to the Scurran o' Morange. After this, we went through mosses, mires, bogs, and ditches of various descriptions and sundry sizes, which tried in no small measure the jumping powers of the party, especially of the ladies, who behaved bravely.

Having wandered in this promiscuous manner for an hour or two, the mist, which till then was densely close, cleared away, when we were surprised to find ourselves in the parish of Inneravon, not far from Ballindalloch. We had thus wandered nearly seven miles out of our way.

An obliging farmer in the neigbourhood acted the good samaritan, and conveyed the ladies to their destination in his dog-cart.

Some of those who formed the party are now far scattered over the world, but none of them will ever forget the misty day they spent on the summit of Benrinnes.

A VERY considerable time since—writes a kind gentleman—one of the then very much respected

Dalrymple family lost his way one dark misty night on a small hill. After wandering about for some time he came to a small cottage, and having knocked at the door of same, said, "Let me in, please, I have lost my way." "But fa are ye?" cried a shrill voice from within. The reply was—"I am Sir J. Dalrymple Elphinstone, of Logie Elphinstone, West Hall." "Preserve me," exclaimed the woman, "my housie wudna haud the half o' ye!"

A NUMBER of years ago a party of some ten gentlemen had a trip to the far-famed Cairngorm Mountains. A gentleman who formed one of the party has favoured me with a short account of the trip, which is as follows:—We took the train to Abernethy Station, and walked from there to Cairngorm. The distance is said to be about nineteen or twenty miles, which we travelled in about eight hours, halting several times on the way for rest and refreshments. It is by no means a difficult road to walk, though somewhat rough at certain places. For the greater part of the distance the road or footpath—and in some places there is hardly either—leads alongside a small stream called the Garavault, skirting the base of a towering crag called the Eagle's Rock, and a range of bare rocky mountains on the right, with Ben Caiplich, Bynac, and Ben a' Choinniach, on the left. All these are spurs of the Cairngorm Hills.

We then walked along the left bank of Loch Aven, and crossed a small burn that was flooded at the time. After scrambling up through many very large stones and boulders, we reached the shelter stone at the foot of Ben Muich Dhui.

The shelter stone where we quartered during the night forms a rather curious apartment, and in a wet night, by no means particularly comfortable. It consists of an enormous large stone, lying upon other smaller stones, in a slanting position ; at one side high enough for a person to stand, and at the other much lower. It is filled up all round, except on one side, where an opening is left, which serves as a door, and at a corner where there is an aperture, that has been utilised for fireplace and chimney.

Each of our party brought a plentiful supply of provisions and spirits, which are required in going a journey of this sort ; as also a highland plaid, a waterproof coat, and a change of stockings.

We, or most of our party, carried sticks from the Forest of Abernethy—fully ten miles—for the purpose of lighting a fire. It was well we did so, because long before reaching the shelter stone the rain was falling in torrents, and it seemed to rain and snow alternately the whole night. The howling of the tempest during the night was awfully grand, and the shrieks of some weather-beaten birds, carried along therewith, suggested to our minds

the very reverse of the beautiful words of the poet—

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea.
Emblem of happiness;
Bless'd be thy dwelling-place;
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!"

In the morning, though only about the 10th of August, the ground was quite covered with snow. On seeing this one of our party—a genial gentleman—remarked—"This is a cursed cauld hielan' place. Naething like the laich o' Moray."

The weather, as already noticed, being very stormy, it was exceedingly dark at night, and some of our party, in fetching water, lost their way among the rocks, and had great difficulty in again reaching the shelter stone.

At and about Cairngorm the scenery is simply magnificent—the great rocks, the high hills, the lochs, and everything else seem to proclaim with a loud voice—louder than in the inland districts—"The Hand that made us is Divine."

Cairngorm and its surroundings defy description. Everyone who possibly can ought to visit this place, and see for themselves its grand bold scenery, and the great rocks, with the glittering cairngorm, valuable stones, studded thereon, and at night sparkling like stars in the firmament.

After sleeping—or at least trying to sleep—

under the shelter stone all night, we started next morning, after breakfast, amid pelting rain and rough winds, for Abernethy, which was reached about three o'clock in the afternoon. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, most of our party enjoyed the trip very much.

AN esteemed friend has sent me an anecdote, which I here relate. It shows how collected and cool some people can be in an emergency.

A number of years ago a party of gentlemen from Aberdeen went a tour in a fine steamer round by the West Highlands. Before leaving Aberdeen one of the gentlemen borrowed from another gentleman of the party £30. One night, when the party were all below at dinner, an alarm was given that the steamer had struck a rock, and was breaking up. On hearing this the gentleman who had lent the £30 rushed up on deck, and having got pen, ink, and paper, wrote out an I O U. He then had an interview with the captain, who said he could hold out no hope of their safety. The lender of this sum then getting hold of the borrower, said in a rather hurried voice—"Look here, Mr S——, you did not give me any receipt or acknowledgment for the £30 I lent you when starting. Sit down and sign this I O U for the money." The borrower gravely replied—"Other things might be in your head, and us sinking." "No, no," was the reply. "Sign this I O U at

once. I have nothing to show for the money." Fortunately, says my informant, the passengers were all saved, but the I O U had to be signed, and the joke was not soon forgotten.

ON one occasion a number of ladies and gentlemen were coming from Belfast to Glasgow in one of the steamers that sail between these places. The party having been seated at dinner, besides other dishes, there was a very small supply of salmon at one end of the table, and at the other a round of salt beef. A worthy priest sat at the end where the salmon was set. After glancing round the table, the priest helped himself to all the salmon, saying as he did so, "This is a fish day with us." A gentleman sitting near his reverence, being rather annoyed at this summary disappearance of the salmon, shouted pretty loudly—"Bad scran tae ye, sir, div ye think that naebody has a soul to save but you?" and suiting the action to the word, quickly removed half of the salmon from the priest's plate to his own, to the no small amazement of the party.

CHAPTER V.

On Scottish Humour—Wit.

THE anecdotes recorded here show the wit and humour often exhibited by certain parties.

A RESPECTED gentleman in speaking of adversity to some friends, said—"It does a person gude—adversity. It puts yer freens through the seeve, an' lats ye ken the kaff (chaff) frae the corn."

At a meeting of a parochial board in the north of Scotland, not one hundred miles from Aberdeen, an application was made by a poor man for a coat. The chairman, a legal gentleman, asked with a dignified air, "What is the history of this man?" A rather shrewd member of the board replied—"I can tell you that in a sentence. He was a depressed agriculturist, and got in among you lawyers, who fleeced him of his feathers." The chairman laughed heartily, and said—"Give the man the coat."

A STEWARD of a steamboat on the west coast, requiring a pair of trousers, went into the shop of a Glasgow merchant-tailor, and asked him—"Can ye mak' a pair o' trouser for a steem poat?" We suspect the question was somewhat puzzling.

AT a funeral which took place not twenty miles from Grantown, the son of the deceased handed the gravedigger 10s. 6d., saying—"I suppose that will do?" That official remarked, rather dryly—"I suppose I'll be deein' wi' it, but if yer father had beried you he wud hae gaen me a guinea."

AT a small dinner party of ladies and gentlemen a couple of fowls were set before the landlord, who announced the fact thus—"Well, this is cock, and this hen," pointing to each of the fowls. "Fa's for cock, and fa's for hen?"

A MUCH respected gentleman who resided a good many years ago on the coast of Banffshire, in speaking of a certain person, remarked—"It's his ignorance and impudence that carries him through, and he's a bias speller. He spells cage 'kdj.'"

IN a hotel in the North one day, two gentlemen, old friends, chanced to meet in the morning. One of the gentlemen asked the other—"Have you had breakfast yet, Mr G——?" The reply was simple

enough—"Ay, a some licht breakfast. Twa pills and a drink o' water."

In a village in the outskirts of one of the counties north of Aberdeen there lived a respectable person who was a little given to taking an extra glass of whisky. One day this person went to a back court in the village for the purpose of taking away a box barrow in loan. A large dog was on chain at the place, and when the worthy man was about to move the barrow the dog gave a "bow," when the barrow borrower said—"I am getting the loan of this barrow from your master to row round some earth from the front of my house. I'll then bring it back." He then moved a little forward with it, when the dog gave a further "bow, ow." "I tell ye," said the man, "yer master has given me permission to take away the barrow for a while," and having uttered these words, was moving away with it, when the dog again howled, "Bow, ow ow." On hearing this the party threw down the barrow, and in walking out of the court said in a rather excited manner—"Ye can keep yer barrow. I'll get ane some ither way. I dinna care a tinkler's curse for you nor yer master either."

Charlie o' the Craggence, as he was called, who lived in Aberlour a good many years ago, was on one occasion repairing the roof of one of his houses. A neighbouring farmer advised him to

cover the roof with tiles instead of thatch. "Na, sal I," says Charlie. "I ken a man fa pat tiles on a house, an' dod they cudna luke out about wi' win' or the win' wud hae the tiles hincin' round the corners o' houses after them."

THROUGH the kindness of a professional gentleman I have been favoured with an anecdote illustrative of how people are often deceived with the composition of stones and the like. A farmer who at one time resided not twenty miles from Keith, waited on a person with a blackish-like stone, and handed it to the party who made a study of the various kinds of stones, and wished to know what nature of stone it was. The geologist knocked the stone on his counter several times, tried to bite it with his teeth, but was unable to make any mark or impression on it, nor could he make out what was its nature. Ultimately he asked the farmer to call for him the next time he was the way, when he would have time to look up and peruse his books on the subject. The following week the farmer again called and asked—"Wal, fat kin' o' a stane was yon I handed ye last week?" "Upon my word," replied the geologist, "I have looked over my books and can't make it out." "Yer a big ass an' yer buiks thegither," was the farmer's sweeping reply. "It's nae a stane ava, but a knapdaerlick that hung at ane o' my stots' tails a' the last summer."

A GENTLEMAN who knew the parties assures me of the truth of this story, which is certainly a singular way of intimating a death. A person whose wife died, sent the following intimation to his brother-in-law—"Sorry to say, happy to say your sister and my wife died here this morning."

NOT unfrequently there arises confusion at country meal mills as to sacks when these are not properly marked by the owners. This anecdote shews that some crofters were not quite perfect in applying initial letters marked on sacks. A small crofter being at one of these mills, there arose some dispute about a sack. It was alleged that this tiller of the ground wanted to take away more sacks than belonged to him. The miller decidedly refused to give the man one of the sacks he had laid claim to, explaining that the sack had not his mark on it, when the crofter shouted—"It is ma sack. Did ye no see O. C. for Will Lawrence, an' D. for Burnen? I nearly," he added, "lost ma guid sak wi' ye."

SOMETIMES curious mistakes occur when one person writes a letter for another. The anecdote told here illustrates the truth of this. Mr T——, a gentleman belonging to Scotland, but resident in a foreign country, was taken very ill of fever. Being unable to write home to his friends himself, he got a friend to do so, who fully explained how

Mr T—— was. The letter was not posted at the time, and Mr T—— died the following day. The writer of the letter adding the following :—"P.S.—Since writing the above I have died."

A RESPECTED residenter, not far from the mouth of the Spey, was returning from visiting some friends one night. He was not what might be called drunk, but had taken so much whisky as to slightly interfere with the proper movements of his feet. A respected minister chanced to overtake the gentleman, and the two walked along the road so far together. The man slipped his foot and went into a ditch at the road-side. On regaining his footing he remarked to the parson in a pretty stern voice—"That's a horrid slitherie b—h o' a ditch!"

CHURCH officers are often pretty original in their observations, and like the country "minister's man," are generally great authorities in the parish. A gentleman, writes a friend, was one Sunday waiting with others at the door of one of our city churches until this functionary would shew him a seat. Seeing that there was little prospect of getting a seat for a while, and observing that one of those waiting had got a seat, having handed the officer something, the gentleman held out half-a-crown in a concealed way to this official. After some manœuvres he handed the gentleman a seat, who, instead of

handing him the "sighted" *half-crown*, slipped a *halfpenny* into his hand. The officer watched the gentleman leaving church, and in a whisper said—"Yon was a *halfpenny* ye gave me." "Oh, I never give less," was the smart reply.

CHARLES YEATS, who was a residenter in Aberlour about forty years ago, was a decent man, but rather eccentric in his ways. On one occasion Charles had got the loan of a spade from a neighbouring farmer, and had retained it for a considerable time. The farmer requiring the implement, sent to Yeats for it. But instead of giving it, Yeats said to the messenger—"Tell your master I am not quite done with the spade. I am as much entitled to my loan as he is to his own. When I am done with it, I'll perhaps let him know."

THIS person's sister, Annie, was quite an original. On one occasion she called at Aberlour House and rang the bell at the entry door. One of the servants having come to the door, on seeing Annie, said—"You had better go to the kitchen." She quickly replied—"I hae nae erran' in yer kitchen. I want tae see the lady."

TWO Scotch gentlemen, while walking along a street in London, observed lobsters ticketed rather cheaply in the window of a refreshment room. They resolved to have a supper of these, entered

the room and had this. On paying their bill they were charged enormously. When leaving the place the waiter in a rather piteous voice said—"Remember me." To which one of the gentlemen replied—"I'll never forget you."

A HIGHLAND minister who had very confused English was at one time marrying a couple. When he came to the part of the ceremony where he states that they shall be one flesh, the worthy parson said—"They shall be one beef!"

ONE day a Banffshire laird, a bit of a wit, entered a merchant's shop in Aberdeen of the name of Dow, and thus addressed the merchant—"Well Mr Doo, how do you do, and how is Mrs Doo, and how are all the young Doos?"

A WORTHY friend has kindly sent me an anecdote which I think is an original way of proposing to get quit of money terms. A small proprietor, who lived not a hundred miles from Aberdeen, had like many other good lairds quite enough to do to get ends to meet. One day the post brought a letter to this worthy laird, and on reading same he addressed his lady thus—"Confound that interest. Here's a notice to pay the interest on that bond, and deil a Lammas rent paid yet. I wish to goodness Martinmas would murder Whitsunday and be hanged for it!"

A GENTLEMAN in walking along a road one day came to a man lying drunk at the road side. Addressing the man, the gentleman said—"You drunk! I thought you were a Blue Ribbon man." "So I am," replied the person, "but I am nae bigoted!"

SOME time ago, and even now, it is customary to have shooting matches about Christmas for prizes. A tailor's apprentice attended one of these. Before going to it, he had high hopes of gaining the first prize, which was a gun. When the apprentice came home his master asked him—"Weel, did ye gain the gun?" "Na," replied the man. "Did ye get a prize?" was further asked. "Ay," was the reply. "Which?" asked the tailor. "The bane keam" (which was the lowest prize), answered the servant. "Weel," said the master, "if ye work it vigorously, ye'll dae mair execution wi' it than ye wad hae deen wi' the gun."

IN the north of Scotland on one occasion a volunteer battalion was out in camp. One of the officers one day, in taking a meal rather hurriedly, swallowed a long fish bone, which stuck in his throat, and the doctor of the corps had to be got to remove same. The officer was relating the story to a superior officer, who remarked, "You ought to get that bone preserved in spirits as a memento of the camp." "Oh," replied the other officer, "it had

a better chance of being preserved in spirits where it was."

A GENTLEMAN was residing in a somewhat outlandish part of Scotland. One day he met a very old woman, and after talking with her for a little, he asked—"Do you ever require a doctor here?" The answer was—"Oh, no."

Gentleman: "What do you take when ill?"

Woman: "Fuskie" (whisky).

Gentleman: "But what if that does not cure you?"

Woman: "We jest tak' mair o' it."

Gentleman: "Yes; but if even that is not sufficient to cure—what then?"

Woman: "Faith, if fuskie doesna cure there's nae eese o' trying a dockter nor ony ither thing."

A MOST eccentric individual, says a friend, who resided not twenty miles from the county town of Banff, was conversing one day with some friends on sundry subjects. All of a sudden he burst out —"My wife kens buik-keepin'. She maks a lang stroke for a pun', an' a short stroke for a half-pun', an' *o* for an egg. That's buik-keepin'. Ilka ane sud keep ae jottar (note) o' fat they dee."

IN the event of the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, Esquire, First Lord of the Treasury, being made a Peer, what title would be appro-

priate to him in view of the advice lately given by him to farmers to cultivate strawberries?—"Lord Preserves."

A GOOD many years ago there lived in the village of Charlestown, in Aberlour, a very well-known character called Tam Macgregor, but who was better known as "Tam Tethers" or "Tammie Tetherhair," derived from the fact that he often went through the country among the farmers making ropes from horses' hair, at so much "a fatom (fathom) o'er the nose," as Tam used to put it. On one occasion, well remembered by the writer, he was pursuing his calling at the farm of Blairshannoch, then tenanted by the late Mr James Grant. Tam was not long at work in the barn there when the hair went done, and he applied to the farmer for more. He remonstrated with Tam that the hair could not be done, and observing the tethermaker's pockets rather bulky, said—"You must have been pocketing the hair." "Oh, no, latie," replied Tam. "But you have," rejoined the farmer; and having called in the assistance of two of his men-servants, forcibly removed a large quantity of hair from Tam's coat-pockets, amid much yelling and shouting on the part of the offender, who on seeing a considerable quantity of hair abstracted therefrom, coolly remarked—"Och, but ye ha'e ta'en yer ain an' the hair I took at Garrow's yesterday tae." Mr Garrow was a neighbouring

farmer, where Tam had been engaged the previous day, and had helped himself there also. Mr Grant reprimanded Tam on the impropriety of stealing hair or anything else, but Tam replied—"Och, if ye live in Charlestown ye wad steal tee, peat an' truf, an' onything ye cud lay han' on."

At a beautiful watering-place in the Highlands, not very far from Inverness, a gentleman was playing a game of bowls on the green there, but did so very badly. He left the green, and on his return to it soon after said to a friend—"I ha'e been awa' an' gotten tea an' a drink o' whisky; I'll play richt noo."

JOSIE WATT, who resides in Inveravon, and who was full of wit and humour and could play the flute well, was riding along the road one day, near Craigellachie, when a gentleman who had been recently appointed a Justice of the Peace met him. "Oh, Josie," remarked the gentleman, "you have got a horse to-day. I think an ass might have done with you." "A better man nor you or me either rode upon an ass, but they can hardly be got nooadays. They're making Justices o' the Peace o' them a'," was the smart reply. The gentleman moved along without further observation.

A HIGHLANDER who resided not very far from the ancient capital of the Highlands, and who was tormented with a scolding wife, said to a friend—

"I wush I had wings that I micht flee awa' tae some island far there was neither wives, lasses, nor womens, an' far there was naethin' tae trink but the heevenly Long Shon whuskie."

A TRADESMAN in a village in Banffshire of some 700 inhabitants went to Aberdeen on one occasion. When he returned some of his friends asked him what he thought of Aberdeen, and if it was bigger than D——. The answer was guarded —"It's ae gey kin' o' a place Aberdeen, an' I'll swear it's twice as big as our village."

IN Strathspey there lived a worthy man who, I am informed, liked a shot. One day he was out with a gun and spied a hare. With great caution, and by the aid of some cover, he managed to get within gunshot of the hare. He was just about to fire at the hare when he resolved to move to even a better position, to make certain of his game, and sprawled along a few yards further, and was taking a steady aim at the creature when a gamekeeper fired at and killed the same hare. On seeing this the man got on foot, and being very indignant, delivered the following comprehensive, pithy remarks to the killer of the hare—"Ye nasty ferret-faced foul, fousome, scrapin', hungry taed, to gang an' shot the hare in my very teeth, an' me been out shootin' every day for a fortnight, an' this is the only hare I ha'e seen a' that time."

ON Fiddochside there once resided a person of the name of Lewie Fraser, a bit of a character. One Sunday, Lewie being in church, heard the minister preach a sermon on the duty of children obeying their parents. Soon thereafter the minister detected Lewie not only wilfully letting his mother's cows pasture on his grass, but also among his corn. The parson very properly found fault with this, and told Lewie that it must not be repeated. "Dod," says Lewie, "fat am I tae dee atween ye? The ither Sunday ye preached that children ought tae obey their parents, an' ma mither bids me let the cows amon' your corn an' grass an' ye bid me nae dee't. I canna please ye baith."

THIS anecdote, which a friend has kindly sent me, demonstrates how important it is to speak kindly to children.

A lady and gentleman were spending some time with friends in upper Aberdeenshire. The small padlock of the lady's travelling bag had gone amissing. In making inquiry at the landlord respecting it, the lady was told by that gentleman that, "Little Jamie was sure to have taken it away; as," added the worthy parent, "he picks up a' kin' o' thing." The father then addressed his young hopeful thus—"Jamie, did ye see a young padlockie ony way?" My informant says Jamie had the lock, and handed it over at once.

A GENTLEMAN well known to the writer, on one occasion attended divine service in a church in a rather secluded parish. On entering the churchyard, which surrounded the church, the gentleman found the kirk-officer waiting there to ring the bell, when the following conversation took place between them :—

Stranger : "I suppose I can get a seat in your church to-day?"

Officer : "Oh, yes ; ye can."

Stranger : "Your minister is a pretty old gentleman?"

Officer : "Ay. Very old."

Stranger : "He does not look that."

Officer : "No ; he's a wonnerfu' man, ony way that ye can tak' him."

A GOOD many years ago there lived in Aberlour a rather eccentric man, Mr G. Grant, a tradesman. He was very fond of fishing in the fine river Spey, which bounds the parish on the west. When any one questioned Grant why he fished for salmon without permission, he answered them—"If anybody will show me any part of the Holy Writings where it is stated that fowling and fishing is reserved and confined to one class of individuals, I'll give in, but not until then. And as for so-and-so"—referring to a gentleman who owned extensive fishings—"I'll title him the 'King o' the Cadgers.'"

One day a gentleman in the parish was arguing with Grant on the fishing question, and said—"But, Grant, if you had a large inheritance of fishings left to you, would you give these up to the public?" "Ah," replied Grant, "but that is not the proper way to look at the question."

A LADY, I am informed by a kind friend, went to a minister not 100 miles south of Aberdeen, and told him she was going to be married. The parson, who was said to be very pious, observed—"You ought not to marry, but take the Great Head of the Church for your husband." "Ah," replied the young lady smartly, "all very well; but you have a wife and Him too; and why should I not have a husband and Him too?" The pious parson could say nothing.

A LEGAL gentleman in Edinburgh was much annoyed with an old-clothes man while passing a certain street. The gentleman had told his clothes customer often that he had no old clothes; but this did not seem to satisfy him. In passing the man one day he as usual asked—"Old clothes, sir?" The legal gentleman nodded, and walked on. The old clothes dealer followed the gentleman, who, instead of walking home, went along sundry streets, and after giving the dealer in old attire a pretty long smart walk, the gentleman halted, and his customer came up to him and whispered, "Old

clothes, sir?" "No," replied the gentleman, in a lower whisper.

The gentleman got no more trouble as to old clothes from this party again.

IN a meeting of the University Court not 100 miles from Aberdeen, the Assessor's remarks on a certain matter were severely criticised by one of the professors, when that gentleman said that he did not come there to be taught manners, whereupon the professor said—"If any gentleman here thinks he can teach Mr C—— manners, he is welcome to try it; but for myself, I would never attempt it."

A WELL-KNOWN tailor who lived in a rather desolate glen in Banffshire, having got a little tipsy at a fair, which was not quite uncommon for him to do, was being taken home by some kind friends. While on the way the worthy master of the needle ejaculated very loudly—"Tak' care o' me. I hae munie on me." On reaching home the tailor's pockets were carefully searched in the presence of his wife and family, when it was found he had on his person the sum of *one halfpenny* sterling!

FREQUENTLY rather pithy remarks pass between a man and his wife, especially when the former stays rather late—or, I should say, long—at markets and such like gatherings. On one

occasion a person resident in Aberdeenshire, I am told, came home about the small hours of the morning. In entering his house he of course awoke his wife in opening the door thereof. She accosted him somewhat sharply—"What kin' o' time is this tae come hame? Far ha'e ye been?" "A weel," says the husband, "I ha'e been awa' beryin' Annie." "A rare burial it must ha'e been at this time in the mornin'. Fatna Annie was it?" was the further question. "Anniemosity," was the quick reply.

A WORTHY servant to a gentleman in upper Banffshire was sent to a gentleman near-by a message. He was shown into a room, where a few friends who had called were having a glass of grog. A glass of beer was handed to the messenger John, who, judging from his looks, would have preferred whisky. One of the gentlemen remarked—"I thought you did not drink beer, John." "Weel, ye see," replied that trusted servant, "I jest takes what drinks is set pefore me."

NOT far from Inverness—writes a gentleman who heard the conversation—three somewhat drouthy Highlandmen went into an inn to quench their thirst. After drinking pretty freely one of these worthies remarked—"Weel, I neever did tast better weeskie nor that any more." "Nither did I too," said another of the party. "Nither did I nither too," added the other son of Caledonia.

A BOY who was attending a school not a long way from Aberdeen, having been absent therefrom one day, returned to school the following day cripple. The schoolmaster questioned the youth as to his absence, and also how he had hurt his foot. The reply was very telling. "Ma mither was raxin' o'er the fire tae gie ma father on the side o' the head, an' turn't o'er the kettle an' brunt ma fit."

A SMALL crofter who resided at the foot of a hill in the North had a cow, but was rather short of grass for her. The honest man, not knowing what to do with the cow, tethered her on the top of the hill, where she got little or anything to eat but heather. A neighbour, on seeing this, remarked to the crofter—"Od, yer cow has naething tae eat on the tap o' the hill." The crofter cooly replied—"She has nae muckle tae eat, but she has a gran' *view*."

SOMETIMES opposition in the construction of railways runs high in the North. At one time a smart gentleman wished to construct a railway through a district, which some good people opposed. The Bill for its construction was, however, carried. The principal promoter having met one of the opponents, who said to the constructor, "I suppose you will make a railway to h——l next," he calmly replied—"If I do, I'll get you for a first-class passenger, and you won't take a return ticket."

A YOUNG man living with his mother was very much in love with a young lady. He was, however, so exceedingly bashful that he was afraid to ask her to marry him. The young man's mother was consulted, who talked to the young lady on the subject. It was ultimately arranged that the lady would take the initiative on the important matter. The young man was advised of this by his mother, and the next time the young couple met, he said to his ladylove—"Are ye gaun tae dee thon that ma mither bade ye." The result was satisfactory.

A CERTAIN gentleman who lived not very far from Forres, had made up his mind, very properly, to marry, and told the matter to a friend thus—"I went and had a look at Miss C——, but thought she would not do. I know she has a bad temper. I then had a look of Miss T——, and thought she would suit. I just told her I wanted a wife and would marry her if she consented, and that she could think it over for a few days."

She did consent, says my informant, and the marriage took place and was a happy one.

MANY years ago there resided in Banffshire a worthy gentleman remarkable for wit. On one occasion he was attending the funeral of a near relation. The churchyard was pretty far distant, and the people attending the funeral halted at an

inn for refreshments. After having got this the gentleman remarked—"We'll now go on our way rejoicing!"

AT the funeral of a person of position in Aberlour a considerable time ago, a certain individual attended it who was rather fond of a dram, and was a bit of a character. The hour for starting was nearly up, and there was no appearance of any refreshments, when this party remarked, not quite in a low tone of voice—"Dod, are ye gaun tae bery him like a *beast*, an' no offer's onything tae drink?"

THERE resided in Aberlour many years ago a man called James Petrie, who was the very picture of contentment, and went about without troubling anybody. He owned a horse, Tommie. One day James was going to Rothes, a few miles distant from Aberlour, and Tommie was with him, walking a few yards behind his owner, with rope attached, which James held in his hand. Meeting a friend who remarked—"Oh, James, what is the use of taking your horse with you if you don't get upon his back?"—James quietly remarked—"I just tak' Tommie wi' me for company; Tommie an' me are auld friends."

OF quite a different turn of mind was Katie Drum, who also resided in Aberlour. She frequented all public gatherings, such as the kirk,

markets, and the like, and it was anything but safe to stand near to her. If anyone pointed out another person to Katie, and said—"Look there, Katie, doesn't so-and-so owe you money?"—she would immediately make her way through the crowd, and firmly smite the fancied debtor with her stick or umbrella, without one of which she never appeared in public, and either of which proved a formidable weapon in her strong hands.

JOHN M'KAY, better known by many as "Johnnie M'Keck, the tatie weaver," who resided in Aberlour, was another rather original person, but very inoffensive. He generally worked to the merchants in packing eggs, &c. One day Johnnie was told by Mr M'William, merchant, to hand a customer a pipe. "Ae pipe did you say?" asked Johnnie. "Yes," replied the merchant. Johnnie went behind the counter to the box of pipes, and after looking into it, shouted, "There's not *ane* here." "There must be," said the merchant. "No," says Johnnie, "there's no *ane*, but there's *twa*."

AT one time this person was much annoyed with rats; and complained bitterly about them to a miller who had grain in a loft above Johnnie's house. The miller told Johnnie to kill them. He thereafter did his best in doing so, but was not particularly fortunate in extinguishing these troublesome pests. Some time after this the miller died,

and his friends sent Johnnie a pretty large account for meal, and as he was not in a position to pay, he was considerably puzzled how it was to be settled. At last Johnnie sent the miller's friends an account for killing rats of exactly the same amount as the meal account, thus squaring the meal and rat accounts.

In Aberlour there likewise lived a very eccentric person called William Watson. If handed a copper or two by anyone, instead of thanking the donor, Watson would say—"Fat the devil for are ye batherin' yersel' wi' me?"

One day Kinermony's bull, on which farm Watson's house was situated, knocked down his peat stack. On seeing this Watson said—"Ay, I dinna blame *you* for driving doon my stack; it was nae doubt weel puttin' into ye before ye left hame."

On another occasion William was walking along through a wood with a burden of sticks on his back. The day was very rough, and Watson was upset by the hurricane. After lying some time on the ground he ejaculated—"Deil care, I'll no rise again!"

In a large city in Scotland a crowd had assembled while some difficulty was being settled. A young man hurried up to see what was doing,

and asked "What's a-do?" A bystander quickly replied, "A pigeon."

NEAR a well-known hill in the north a farmer's wife called on a shrewd merchant, and after ordering some things, said—"I wish tae see yer yarn." The merchant replied that he would show her some when disengaged with another customer. "Oh," said the woman, "I'll just be lookin' at it till ye're through," and went into an adjoining storeroom for this purpose. The woman took a look at the yarn, and put a quantity of it below her shawl, but in doing so turned up a part of the shawl, which showed some threads of the yarn. She then came back to the shop. "Well," said the merchant, "does any of it suit you?" "Dod no, merchant," was the reply; "but maybe ye will ha'e something suitable soon." The woman was then moving away, when the merchant said, "Bide, bide, ye have not got the things ye ordered," and seeing the yarn remarked, "What yarn is that?" "Preserve me," exclaimed the woman, "if ye hadna spoken I wad ha'e taken it wi' me." The merchant quietly replied, "You have taken it."

THERE lived in the neighbourhood of Craigellachie several characters. One of these on one occasion had been put into prison for some offence. After getting out he met one of his companions who had often been in the same prison, and who

accosted him—"Ah, ye ha'e been in the jail; fu did ye like it? If ye had taul me I wud ha'e gi'en ye a letter o' introduction tae the jailer." The reply was truly original. "Fat's your business? I've been in better jails than ever ye was in. I ha'e been in a' Her Majesty's principal military prisons in Scotland, England, and Ireland, and, wi the exception o' some sma' jails, ye was never in ony but in Elgin jail."

JOSIE WATT was walking along the public highway one day carrying a pretty heavy walking stick in his hand, when the following conversation took place between him and a party who met him:—

Party: "Well, Josie, what are you carrying that heavy walking-stick for?"

Josie: "Tae keep awa the win' fae me."

Party: "How stupid of you to think that stick would keep the wind from you."

Josie: "Ye're stupider, if ye think the win' can gae through it."

A HALF-WITTED creature, who lived not far from Aberlour, was met one day by a rather inquisitive individual, who asked—"Far ye gaun the day?" "Someway," was the reserved reply. "Fa are ye gaun tae see?" was further asked. "Somebody," was the answer. "Fat hae ye in the basket?" "Something," was answered promptly.

A YOUNG bachelor having been strongly advised by some well-meaning friends to marry, remarked—"That marriage was right if a person got a right wife," and added pithily and truly—"I am very particular as to the pedigree of families and the upbringing of young ladies; you wont put your hand into a hawk's nest and take out a dove."

SOME roughish farmers and others, says a gentleman, were entering a show which was being exhibited at a town in Aberdeenshire. They were all crowding and crushing very much to get into the show, when a rather original gentleman turned on them and said—"What are ye shovin' at? as the elephant said to the flee comin' out o' the ark!"

CHAPTER VI.

On Law Courts—Causes.

N the north there are often very amusing small debt cases brought into Court, and there are not infrequently curious scenes in Court. The patience and powers of Sheriffs are sometimes very much tried. The following facts will show this :—

TWO gentlemen who had to attend a Court held not fifteen miles from Tomintoul many years ago had nearly twenty miles to post. They stopped at a well-kept wayside inn to refresh themselves and their pony. One of the party was ordering the refreshments, while the other was attempting to take the bit of the bridle out of the horse's mouth, when off bolted the animal, and turning the corner of a house near by, left the gig, and went galloping into a field of stooks, with the shafts or thills of the same. Leaves of the books required by the parties at Court that day were flying high and dry like the leaves of trees in autumn. To attempt to repair

the conveyance and harness, both being completely smashed, was out of the question, and the unfortunate gentlemen got a conveyance and harness from an obliging farmer near by, and soon completed their journey.

On arriving at the village where the Court was to be held, it was found that nearly all the idle people in the parish were in attendance, and more than half of the idle dogs. In fact there were as many dogs to be seen, and who took their places in due time in the Court-house, as if concerned in the causes, as would have fairly represented any three parishes in Scotland. Many other people interested and disinterested in the day's proceedings put in an appearance in ample time. But somehow the Sheriff, who had a very long distance to drive, was several hours late.

This time, however, was filled up apparently very agreeably by some of the parties at least inside the public-houses, discussing the various cases that were to come before the Court, and in getting such gratuitous advice as was available from those having a "smattering" of law on certain knotty legal points.

Ultimately the Sheriff arrived, and at once took his seat on the bench.

Sheriff: "Officer, fence the Court."

Officer: "Silence, silence." A few parties paid little or no attention to this official intimation, and that worthy man of law applied a stick a trifle

above the average size to the heads of those offenders, and then in a louder voice than before shouted — "Silence in Court. In Her Majesty's name and authority, and in name and authority of the Sheriff of A. B. and C., Judge here present, I prohibit all persons from troubling or molesting this Court. God save the Queen."

Sheriff: "Call the first case."

Sheriff-Clerk: "Paterson and Others, trustees of J—— D—— *versus* M'Pherson."

Officer: "Paterson's trustees."

Sheriff-Clerk: "It's nae Paterson's trustees. Notice the cases. It's Paterson and Others, trustees of J—— D——."

Officer: "Paterson and Others, trustees of J—— D——, against M'Pherson."

Solicitor: "I appear for the pursuer, my Lord."

M'Pherson: "I cam' here for my dother. The account's nae richt." These words were spoken most confusedly.

Sheriff: "It is competent for one person to appear for another if that person can speak, but I don't know one word you are saying."

Solicitor: "I can show that the account is quite correct, my Lord, and never was objected to. The defender ought to have been here. I have nothing to do with this man."

M'Pherson: "Ah, but ye ha'e adee wi' me, and ——." He then went slightly to one side and hit a man on the leg.

Sheriff: "The man appears to be drunk."

Solicitor: "Clearly, my Lord."

Sheriff: "You are drunk, and ought not to be here."

M'Pherson: "No, I am not drunk." So saying he took a cut towards where some people were sitting, and evidently damaged their toes, whereupon the Sheriff said—"Take that man away. Is there a lock-up here?"

Sheriff-Clerk: "There must be that, my Lord."

Solicitor: "I saw a lock-up, my Lord, down stairs."

The policeman having laid hands on M'Pherson, was proceeding along the hall where the Court was held, when over they both tumbled. Sometimes the policeman was uppermost, and sometimes M'Pherson. Ultimately, however, the offender was duly consigned to the police-cell down stairs, amid great confusion and much excitement. He at once began when locked up to apply his stick with great force to the door of the prison, making the whole house ring. Some people laughed, some yelled, some groaned, and a few looked as if they were going to weep. The Sheriff was about to resume the roll of cases, which had to be suspended during the transmission of this son of the Highlands from the Bar of the Court to the prison, when there stood up a respectable district farmer:—

Farmer: "My Lord, the man was not just drunk, though perhaps a little the——."

Sheriff: "Who are you who would dare to rise and address the Court? Sit down," after a short pause. "The next case."

Sheriff-Clerk: "See that they mak' less noise there. Fat are they about? Never saw sic folk!"

Officer: "Silence in Court," and moving some steps forward, he made more than half-a-dozen offenders feel the weight of his official *rod* on that part of the body above the neck.

Sheriff-Officer: "Paterson and Others, trustees of J—— D—— *versus* Gordon."

Officer: "No appearance for the defender."

Solicitor: "Decree, my Lord."

Sheriff: "Decerns."

Sheriff-Clerk: "The same pursuer against Stuart."

Stuart: "The account is a' wrang."

Sheriff: "What is wrong about it?"

Stuart: "I am nae due it," and showed undoubted signs of being tipsy.

Solicitor: "He has paid so much, and has asked time to pay the balance. This is his last letter, my Lord."

Sheriff: "You don't seem to know what you are about, and are not in a fit state to be here: Take him away."

Stuart: "It's very——."

Sheriff: You are not fit to be in Court."

This party was with much less din and excitement consigned to prison beside M'Pherson.

Sheriff-Clerk: "M'Pherson *v.* Stuart."

Officer: "Not in Court at present, my Lord." These being the two men in prison.

Sheriff: "Officer, keep that passage clear, and put out these dogs."

By this time the Court was quite crowded with people and swarming with dogs, who had frequently showed in the most unmistakable manner that they were not all on the best of terms with each other. The officer again applied his *cane* to the heads and backs of the audience, not excepting the dogs, who seemed to retreat below the seats, but certainly did not retire, until the Court was over.

IN a Small-Debt Circuit Court held in Banffshire some thirty years ago, being the first Small-Debt Court held by the Sheriff after his appointment to that office, the two litigants got into a towering passion when arguing the case before the Sheriff; indeed his lordship could not say a single word. When order was restored, the Sheriff said—"I think, men, you should try to settle this case yourselves." "Ou, ay," rejoined one of the parties, with a sneer, "that's becas ye canna settle it."

IN a Small-Debt Court on one occasion, not a very long distance from Huntly, the learned Sheriff decided a not very important case against the defender. He, of course, disliked the decision, and remarked on leaving the bar—"Weel, ma lord, that

may be accordin' tae *justice*, but it's nae accordin' tae *law*." We believe the man intended to say the very reverse.

A FRIEND has sent me a story which demonstrates clearly that no person should answer a question until they hear and understand same. A person having been called as a witness in a Court not thirty miles from the ancient capital of the Highlands, was entering the witness-box, when the Sheriff, possibly to try him, asked—"Will you swear to this, John?" "Yes, my lord," replied John; "what is it?"

SOME time ago there lived a tailor in Aberlour, noted for ready wit, who had a dispute with one of his men as to food, which ended in a litigation. When the case was called in Court, the Sheriff asked the servant—"What did you get for breakfast?" "Brochan," was the answer. "What for dinner?" asked his lordship. "Brochan," answered the man. "And what for supper?" asked the Sheriff. "Brochan," replied the servant. "Yes," struck in the tailor, "what the master takes surely the servant can take. Fine ye him £5, my lord, and that will be brochan to him for a while."

IT is often quite amusing to hear the explanations given by some people in Court when called as witnesses. I shall just give a good specimen of

this sent to me. A respectable fishwife was called as a witness to a case of assault which took place in one of the coast villages not very far from Fraserburgh. The Sheriff asked the honest woman to explain exactly what she saw take place when the assault was committed. She began thus—"Weel, ma lord, ye see it began wi' ae heigh tutt mutt an' a laich collie shangie, an' afore ye cud say Murda Main they were a' in the mussel midden."

NOT a very long way from the Fiddoch, many years ago, says a respected gentleman, a certain small farmer had lost a case at a Circuit Court. After the Court was over, the Sheriff was walking along the street in company with some other gentlemen. The man was a long way distant from the Sheriff, but on observing him, cried at the pitch of his voice—"Hie, hie, Shirra!" That gentleman looked round, when the man shouted, "A——'s wife ca'd my wife a thief, and I want tae summon her for five pound as damages. Will I tak' her tae the nesht Court here, or will I tak' her tae the county toon?" "Take her any way you like; I have nothing to do with that," was his lordship's short appropriate reply.

IN the North a certain well-known individual became bankrupt, but managed to hide in a small box below the ground a very considerable sum of money. When sworn before the Sheriff that he

had given up everything and all his money to his trustee, deponed—"I have nae ae pennie on this earth *abeen the grun'*."

A BUTCHER near Keith having got into difficulties, went to an agent, Mr Cowie, with his books and for advice. After looking over the books for a little, the agent remarked that he did not understand them, and requested the man to explain the entries therein. "What," he added, "are all these K. K.'s and C. C.'s for, John?" "Plain eneuch," shouted the insolvent—"K. K., coo an' cauf; C. C., corn an' strae. Bocht at Tron's roup; paid langsyne. B. T., bag an' tripe tae Cowie's (consulted agent) dogs. Deil ane o' ye bit's due me." "When everybody's due you, John," was the agent's rejoinder," why did you break?" "They man brak that canna stan', man," answered John.

IN a country town north of Aberdeen a rather smart lawyer was waited upon by a small farmer, who, on entering the lawyer's office, said—"I am thinking tae sit doun." "Very well," said the law agent, "sit down then." "Na," said the man, "but I mean I am thinking tae brak." "Oh, indeed," said the lawyer. "Give me a rough estimate of the state of your affairs. What dividend do you think you can pay?" "Dod," said the man, "I dinna ken. Fat kin' o' dividends are they paying the noo?"

A CONSIDERABLE time ago a butcher in Dundee went to a lawyer there, and asked him—"If any dog eats beef in my shop, is the owner of the dog bound to pay it?" "Certainly," answered the man of law. "Very well," responded the butcher, "your dog has eaten beef to the value of five shillings in my shop." "All right," ejaculated the lawyer, "I charge 6s. 8d. for my advice. Hand me the 1s. 8d. of difference."

IN a Small-Debt Court west of Aberdeen, a small crofter sued a farmer for damage done to his crops by the farmer's cattle. While discussing the case before the Sheriff, the farmer addressed his lordship thus:—"This man, the pursuer, my lord, is a very small crofter, and I am an extensive farmer, and carry on a large business besides."

Sheriff: "But what has that to do with the case?"

Farmer: "I wish to show your lordship the difference between our positions, and that the damages claimed by this paltry crofter are quite uproarious."

The latter remark having been made repeatedly by the rather excited farmer, the Court became a little "uproarious" and noisy.

AN able respected minister of the Church was dragged into a litigation by certain persons. One day while out walking, a lawyer of standing

was passing, and thus accosted the minister—"By-the-by, how are you getting on with your case?" The minister said—"Well I have just been looking over some papers I have got to answer. I am not quite sure how, as a matter of fact, to answer some of the statements." "Pach! Deny everything," was the comprehensive advice of the legal gentleman.

A SOMEWHAT queer-looking lad was called one day as a witness in a cause. On being sworn, one of the agents asked him how old he was. Instead of answering this plain question, the witness looked very scared, but said nothing. "What's your age?" asked the lawyer in a louder voice?"

Witness: "You have got nothing ado with my age."

Sheriff: "We have; and surely you can have no difficulty in answering the question?"

Agent: "Tell us your age! What do you mean?"

Witness: "I don't know it. Ye can look the register." The age had to be guessed.

CHAPTER VII.

Miscellaneous Anecdotes.

IN some of the anecdotes related in this chapter a good deal of originality is exhibited. Others are of a rather amusing tendency.

IN a rather secluded district in Scotland two ladies were sleeping alone in a house, in separate apartments. One of the ladies got up during the night and went and knocked at the other lady's bedroom door, who answered her knock by asking, "What is it?" The reply is truly good, "Oh nothing, I was frightened ye would maybe be feared!" Doubtless the lady who rose out of bed was the more frightened of the two.

FORMERLY, as well as now, much jealousy was shown between parties when sweethearting, and many strange encounters took place between the parties. About fifty years ago, being about the time when the *slip* I am just going to relate took

place, many of the houses in Strathspey were very small, built partly of feals, some of them wholly of these, and with wide chimneys. A spruce young tradesman was rather jealous that another swain was paying high court to his lady love, and resolved to watch the house where she lived. One evening, after waiting outside for a time, and not having seen his rival enter the house, the tradesman resolved to mount the house and have a peep down the chimney, and thus ascertain who were in the kitchen. The house and chimney being of the construction alluded to, he was able from his position at the chimney-top to obtain a view of almost the whole group around the kitchen fireside; but he soon found his seat insecure. As he found the chimney-top giving way under his weight, he endeavoured to reach a stronger position, but in this he was unsuccessful, and was precipitated amid the debris of the chimney-top into the kitchen fire. When the group around the fire first heard the strange sounds coming from the roof, and saw soot and bits of turf falling into the fire, a great silence fell upon them, and the expression on every countenance showed that each felt they were in the presence of some great mystery. When, however, amid the smoke and debris a human figure could be dimly discovered hurriedly descending amongst them, the shrieks of the females and the sudden rush of all out of the house at once demonstrated what their idea was of the nature and rank of their visitor.

ONE day a travelling menagerie was passing along Speyside. An elephant was also walking along with it, and went into a field of turnips at the roadside, and was pulling them with its trunk. A boy standing near, on observing what the elephant was doing, shouted—"Come here, mither, an' see the showman's cow puin' the neeps wi' her tail."

NEARLY a century ago a pretty aged woman kept a small school on Speyside. One day, soon after commencing the duties of the day, the woman put the somewhat odd question to her pupils in general—"Bairns, div ony o' ye min' if I took ma brakfest the day?"

A PERSON was digging a grave one time and partly damaged his spade, when he coolly remarked —"I hae spiled my guid spad' on that loon's skull. His mester said fan at the squeel he was a duner-head, and weel div I ken that. The man I bocht ma spad' fra taul me it wus the ace o' spads, but woe betide him if he does na ken it tae his cost, I'll let him ken he's the knave o' hearts."

TWO Highlanders went into a hairdresser's in the South to get shaved. After getting this done and leaving the shop, one of these worthies asked the other—"What did you get?" "Oh," was the reply, "I licked all the white (soap) I could get,"

and added, "What got you?" "I stale twa frazors," (razors) was the taking answer.

JAMIE MOORE, in addition to being kirk-officer, was also a dyker to trade. Many of his dykes may be seen on the farm of Ruthrie. Jamie often, indeed invariably, built his dry stone dykes so close and neat as to almost preclude the possibility of a mouse entering them, not to mention rats and rabbits. He was conversing with a person passing him at work, one day, and wound up the conversation by these remarks, often used by him—"Health an' hale hans tae you, an' luck tae the tods."

NEAR the village of Newburgh some fishermen while out fishing were drowned. The body of one of the unfortunate men when found was literally covered with crabs hanging about it. The body was taken to the poor fellow's house, and his wife and widow, on seeing the partans, coolly put a pot on the fire, and heedless of her lifeless husband, began picking off the partans and putting same into the pot. One of the parties present asked where they would place her husband's remains. "Jest set him again," was the widow's extraordinary reply—thus wishing to use her husband's dead body for catching partans.

A BANFFSHIRE laird called on a gentleman on

one occasion who was having a dinner-party on that day. When the dinner-hour was nearly up the landlord said—"I am sorry I cannot ask you to dinner as Mr C—— is to be here," knowing well that the laird and that gentleman were the reverse of friendly. "Oh, thank ye," remarked the laird, "I can dine wi' the deil for ae day."

A RESPECTED lady who lived not forty miles from Banff, in talking to a lady friend, remarked—"I called one day lately to ask for my nephew, who was very ill. They told me he was no better, and was just dying, and I went on my way rejoicing."

THERE lived a foolish sort of creature at one time not a long distance from Cullen. A farmer in that district having met this person one day, asked him how his mother was. The reply was—"Oh, thank ye, dawtie, she's deid, an' afore she deit she was that thin that ye cud hae knocked yer fit through her."

A CARPENTER not twenty miles from Buckie was called to a manse for the purpose of repairing a broken pane of glass. The minister remarked to the carpenter, "It's a wonder that such a small hole would cause such a draft." The reply was of a high order. "Oh, the smaller the aperture the greater the velocity."

A TRADESMAN on the banks of the Spey, on meeting a friend who had just returned from America, put many questions to him in relation to that great country. He was talking to another person afterwards as to this, and said, "but I forgot tae speer if they had ony meenlicht there."

IN the North three Highland drovers entered a refreshment room, and one of them, believing he could speak the best English, agreed to order the refreshment—which was to be coffee for two of them, and tea for the other. He did so thus—"Bring in coffee for tea, and two for one." We suspect the order was somewhat perplexing to the landlord.

I HAVE a story from a worthy farmer, which shows how some drovers can look after their coppers.

Two of this class entered a tavern not ten miles from Grantown, on a market day, when the following interview took place between the waiting maid and one of them :—

Drover : Lass, fu muckle will ye tak' for as muckle bread an' broth as me an' this ither man will sup ? "

Maid : "Sixpence each."

Drover : "Na. I'll gie ye fourpence for each o' his."

Maid: "Oh, no."

Drover: "Ah weel, we'll try some ither place." And so saying, departed.

A PARTY was taken ill on one occasion, and a medical man was called in to see him. After examining his patient, the doctor among other things prescribed aluminous, and told the man's wife to boil it and give it him to drink. On calling again to see his patient the woman said to the doctor—"I cudna get an almanack; but I biled a Pilgrim's Progress, and gied him that to drink." I have not got the doctor's reply.

IN the West Highlands on one occasion two Highland drovers, Dougal M'Tavish and Rory M'Kinlay, occupied the same bedroom. One of the men wore the kilt and the other the trews. The owner of the trews, M'Kinlay, rising first in the morning, dressed himself in his friend's kilt, in a rather confused manner, and departed before M'Tavish awoke, or was aware of his departure. When M'Tavish was about to commence his toilet, he found, to his dismay, that his kilt and its belongings had vanished, along with his bedfellow. In order to make the best of it, M'Tavish dressed in McKinlay's trews and other garments, and, standing in his room, viewing himself from head to foot in his new attire, not very neatly put on, was heard saying to himself—"Weel, fan she gaed tae

her bed she wus Dugal M'Tavish, put she be tammed if she ken fa she be this moornin'!"

I HAVE a peculiar story from a friend respecting a Highland servant. It runs thus:—The girl did not know the Scotch nor English language, and her mistress, before sending her to a merchant's shop with butter, managed to teach her to say, in rather broken Scotch, "Butter"—referring to what she had. "Ninepence halfpenny"—the price thereof. "If ye wunna, anither will"—to try another if first merchant won't buy. On going to the shop the girl met a gentleman, when the following passed:—

Gentleman: "Fine day, lassie.''

Girl: "Butter."

Gentleman: "What do you mean?"

Girl: "Ninepence ha'pennie."

Gentleman: "If you were not a woman I would kick ye."

Girl: "If ye winna anither will."

KATIE DRUM lived in a small house in Aberlour. The principal light she derived was from her wide chimney. Some youths for a frolic closed the lum at the top, so that no light could enter. Katie kept her bed all day, and got up in the evening. On looking out she exclaimed—"Ae, sic a bonnie mornin', an' the sun risin' in the wast!"

THERE also lived in Aberlour, a good many

years ago, a very harmless man, though peculiar, called Jamie Peterkin. He was often asked—by boys especially—to spell "Habakkuk," and "Rottenslough." The former word he spelt in this manner—"An' *h*, an' a *a*, an' a *b*, an' a *a*, an' a *k*, an' a *k*, an' a *u*, an' a *k*." His spelling of Rottenslough was not so correct. It ran thus—"*Ro etn etn slo ech ech*."

WHEN the Education (Scotland) Act of 1872 came first into operation there was much competition in some parishes for seats at the Board, and keen party spirit shown. In a parish in Banffshire an election was about to take place. A few of the supporters of one of the candidates had met in a house to arrange for the return of their man. They had all taken a fair enough quantity of spirits during the evening, and one of the party, who always took whisky liberally, remarked, shortly after the bottle had last been passed round—"Od, we'll tak' anither solemnizer (dram)."

A HIGHLAND dealer, Mr W——, who resided on Speyside, on one occasion met a few friends in a public-house. The party were getting quite lively, though rather tired of the dealer's company, although he did not think so, when a pretty loud knock was heard at the door of the room where they were sitting. A servant announced that Mr W——, the dealer, was wanted. "Weel," said that

worthy man, "to show you, shentlemens, that I don't weesh to leave yer company, an' will come back, I'll leave ma pipe, pipe lid, ma walking stick, an' also ma ponnet," and placing these valuable articles upon the table, withdrew. A minute or two thereafter M——'s wife was heard dealing sundry well-aimed blows at the side of the head, face, and sundry other parts of his person. Instead of rejoining the company, the dealer had to send a messenger for his belongings, above enumerated, and walk home alongside, or—as my informant says—more likely a few paces before his wife and mistress.

A MEDICAL man having been called to see a patient in the country, went, and after examining the patient carefully, looked dubiously, shook his head several times, but said nothing, though the sick person's parents were both present. They both eagerly asked what was the matter with their child; but the doctor again shook his head and remained silent. Shortly after the doctor left the room, and was followed by the patient's parents, who found him in the lobby leaning against the wall. They both shouted at once, "What is the matter with the child, doctor?" The physician said gravely, "The Great Physician only knows!"

ONE day a worthy minister of the Church drove up to a hotel, not very far from Edinburgh,

with his horse and trap. On leaving them in charge of an hostler, the minister entered a shop close at hand, and overheard a bystander ask the groom, "Wha aichts the fite (white) ane?"—pointing to the horse. "He belangs," was the answer, "tae the Reverend Mr —— o' S——, the laziest devil in the whole strath." Of course the horse was meant by this strongly-worded observation.

SOME very original stories are related of the fishing population in settling their accounts. As an illustration of this fact the following may be stated. A fisherwoman was being pressed to pay a tradesman's long due account. The woman said—"We canna pay, man, till the Lord sends us fish. We get our livin' out o' the great deep, an' canna pay till we get it."

A MUCH respected retired gentleman who lived in Elgin many years ago, caught some boys in his garden stealing cherries. In remonstrating with the youths on the folly of stealing, he said—"What made you steal the cherries? had you come and asked some you would have got them. I am sure they are not good." One of the youngsters remarked quite candidly—"They're some sour, but they're nae that bad."

MANY years ago there resided in upper Banffshire a dancing-master of somewhat peculiar habits.

While conducting his dancing classes he induced his pupils to bring a fowl with them, in turn, for the two-fold purpose of teaching them to carve properly and to eat genteelly. The pupils having frequently supplied their teacher with fowls, he, in eating the same in their presence, would remark, as he helped himself liberally to the fowl before him—"See how neatly I put it into my mouth;" and these kind pupils were permitted to *witness* this only.

ABOUT the time of the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, and even after that date, there were many lively meetings, known as the corn riots. These noisy meetings and disturbances were frequently at ports where grain was being shipped for foreign countries. A gentleman who had to witness one of these riots has favoured me with the following:—A great many people were delivering corn at Garmouth, for shipment there. A number of soldiers were marching about at the time keeping order, with fixed bayonets. One very bold fisher-woman shouted, in a clear loud voice—"I'll sit on the pint o' ane o' that benets, afore I see ae puckle corn shipped the day!"

IN a certain village in Banffshire a few jolly friends met to have an evening of it. After they had had several rounds of drink, and were getting quite into spirits, the wife of one of the party introduced

herself into the meeting, and thus addressed her disobedient husband—"Come hame, Wiver D——. Fat are ye deein' bidin' there, drinkin' an' spenin' yer munie?" "Gang hame yersel," was the husband's reply, "an' don't come here an' disturb the whole cumpanie." "No, I'll na gang hame," rejoined the obstinate wife, who seemed determined to bring the weaver with her. At this the weaver got nettled and shouted—"Dok (knock) her doon, Jemie Die; fa's tae hae her here insultin' an' annoyin' a whole cumpanie?" was the weaver's wind up.

TAM TETHERS, Aberlour, was on one occasion caught helping himself to deals near Craigellachie. The owner thereof, however, knowing something about Tam, agreed to let him clear if he would pay so much drink, and they adjourned to a public-house to get this. After the drink had been consumed and paid for by Tam, the party told him he had better be off. "Bit tak dale wi' me," was that person's quaint reply.

A HARMLESS creature known as Jamie Peep, and who goes about the country with what he calls a peep show, was on one occasion exhibiting same and cried—"Come here an' see Daniel in the den o' lions. Daniel don't care a hang for the lions, an' the lions dont care a hang for Daniel!"

A BOY on Speyside, on a certain eventful

occasion, delivered himself to an acquaintance thus —"There was a richt lot o' drunk folk at the station last nicht. Ma father was gey drunk tae after being at the demonstration meeting, an' ma mither gaed tae the station tae meet him, an' tae please him, bade him gang o'er the burn first. Fan he was deein' this he fell into it o'er the lugs." "Fat did yer mither dee syne?" asked the friend. "She was fine pleased," was the youth's reply, "becase he had tae put aff his sheen an' claithes fan he came hame, an' ma mither hid them, an' syne he cudna get out for mair drink."

On the right bank of a celebrated river in Banffshire there resided some time ago a worthy gentleman who had served many years as an officer in the navy. While abroad he had got a snake, and had kept it in a bottle in spirits of wine for many years. One day the bottle had been broken, and the snake was thrown out into a lane. Some women on seeing the snake believed it was alive, and ran and told sundry parties of this. A respected gentleman chanced to be passing at the time, and on hearing of the snake, got hold of a hoe, and rushed at the creature with all his might, all believing it was asleep. After the snake was thoroughly smashed, it was picked up, when one of the neighbour's wives remarked—"I saw it a' the last summer teetin' teetin' out o' the dyke there. It was ae mercy the bairns were a' preserved, an'

them aye gaun about wi' bare feet!" All concerned being highly delighted at the destruction of the snake, were carrying it along the road, when they met the naval officer. He was shewn the creature and asked to give his opinion upon it. The gentleman having glanced at the snake, coolly said, with a smile, to the immense surprise of the parties—"Well, I have had that snake in spirits of wine for at least twenty years, and I don't *think* it would have hurt anybody."

NEAR a well-known river west of Keith a respected gentleman had been spending the evening with some friends. In returning home, not altogether in a state of sobriety, he went to a pump in order to get a drink of water. He somehow, in trying to get this, slipped his foot, and sat down beside the pump, placing one of his feet so that the water, which was dropping from the spout thereof, went on to his leg and into his shoe. While placed in this awkward, uncomfortable position, an acquaintance passed, to whom the gentleman remarked—"Dod, man, that's a terrible dampish nicht abeen."

THE year 1829 was a very memorable one on Speyside, being the year of the flood in that river. That year a mason engaged in erecting a pretty large building in Glenlivat was one morning at breakfast. He said to the servant maid, who

brought him same—"That the tea was as thin as water." On the maid stating this to her mistress, she remarked—"Ye stupid sorra that ye are; fu did ye nae put ae spunfu' o' trakel (treacle) into it, an' mak it thick an' black eneuch, an' never let on."

THERE lived in Aberdeenshire a man an' his wife. The former was not on good terms with his mother-in-law. He was at one time taken seriously ill. A neighbouring lady called to ask for the sick man, and saw his mother-in-law. The lady asked her several times—after sundry other topics were touched on—"But how is Mr T——?" but got no reply. Ultimately the mother-in-law answered—"Curse him; gin his breath was only out, till we get a richt husband till our Mary Ann," who was this excellent person's daughter, and wife of the dying man.

IN a rather Highland glen in the North, a gentleman, while going through the parish, called at a house to ask for a sick person. "I am sorry,' said he to a person in the house, "to hear that Sally is so ill." "Oh, deed, merchant, she's just deein'," was the plain reply. "Can she take anything?" asked the stranger. The reply was very chilling. "Ou, ay can she. We sent o'er tae the village there for a bottle o' wine, but deed we hinna drawn the cork yet. Fat's the use fin she's deein!"

A WORTHY husband being rather ill, his wife was going to put a plaster on his back, somewhat against his wish. After some conversation between the couple, the husband ultimately said to his well-meaning Mrs—"Weel, ye see, as we are ae flesh, ye can just put it upon yer ain back."

ON one occasion two Highlandmen were strolling about near a ship unloading potatoes. They observed a monkey skipping about among the potatoes, but could not devise what it was. One of the sons of the Highlands delivered himself thus to his friend, who remained speechless at the sight. "Did ye see the Glenfumert gaun wast the petats, wi' feets like han's an' han's like feets, an' a face like a wee peoples, like a leetle deevil as he waas!"

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